

SPELS IN THE WIND (Illustrated). By Miss V. H. Friedlander.
JOHN'S PORTRAITURE (Illustrated). By Charles Marriott.

COUNTRY LIFE

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

Self-Contained Countries in the Future

MR. G. H. ROBERTS, on resigning his office as Food Controller, gave a message to a member of the Press which is well worthy of serious consideration. The most important point he made was that in the future it will be much more difficult to import food than it has been in the past. He takes first the example of America, which sent us a great many farm products in the past, but has now increased so much in consuming power that the end of this surplus has come almost within view. So it is with the other exporting countries of the world. There is very little new land left for emigrants to settle on. They must now go to countries that are already occupied, though with a population at present unable, in point of numbers, to develop the land fully. In other words, closer settlement is becoming the feature of the time. Moreover, our own dominions and foreign countries, too, are intent on making themselves as far as possible self-contained in regard to manufactured goods. This was exemplified in Russia before the revolution by negotiations for the purpose of sending agricultural machinery into Russia, and for English firms to erect

factories and produce goods on the spot. There is no country in the world that does not nurse a similar ambition, and as the world moves into seas more tranquil and the last ground swell of the War ceases, every country will endeavour, as far as possible, to do its own manufacturing and grow its own crops. We do not believe that the process will ever be completed. The resources of the lands differ so widely; the right climate is so essential to certain products and other conditions vary so largely that parts of the world will ever continue to enjoy a virtual monopoly in the production of material for which they have unique facilities. Great Britain is never likely to become a great grower of bananas, and there is no reason to suppose that the wine countries of the world which have been favoured by fortune with the right soil conditions will be ousted from their place. We could make wine in Great Britain, but neither so cheaply nor so well as they do in the champagne districts of France or the port districts of Portugal. So we buy from them instead of making wine extensively ourselves.

The moral drawn by Mr. Roberts is irresistible and defines the agricultural policy to be pursued. There is nothing in the statement which the majority of Labour men would not endorse. Take the proposal to grow sugar beet in this country. The normal consumption of sugar beet in America is about four million tons, but this year it will be at least a million tons more. That is one result of the State going "dry," and simultaneously with the increase of consumption there is a decrease of production. For many years to come beet sugar will be difficult to get in quantities from any country, and the fact endorses the advisability of setting about growing beet for ourselves. It may not be possible at the moment to manufacture all the sugar we want, but even that is not beyond future achievement. Another point made by Mr. Roberts is that "there are large tracts of country in the United Kingdom which could be brought under cultivation." At present very few people realise that we shall be compelled to do this before very long and that they will attain the greatest measure of success who set about it at once. This applies to the home country, but still more to the Empire as a whole. If the British Empire were ever half developed it would for centuries to come be sufficient to support the race.

We are glad to see that Mr. Roberts, and we believe he represents the labouring section of the community in this respect, is no bigot in regard to sport. Shooting, hunting, fishing in themselves are admirable; but, he says, when a doubt arises as to whether suitable land should be diverted to the production of food for the people or retained for sport, he is all for food growing. With that conclusion intelligent owners of land will readily agree. We take no pessimistic view of shooting prospects in any future that is worth considering. Forestry must go on and where there is forestry there will always be game. It will be many a year before any large proportion of the reclaimable land in Great Britain is brought into cultivation, and even when the process is complete there will be plenty of rock-strewn moorland for the grouse, and open country for hounds. As to fish and fishing, everybody is agreed that the waters should be more fully stocked than they are. But at the same time it must be realised that on land where highly intensive cultivation produces the best results, there will be very little room, if any, for game. The way to do is to recognise this beforehand, so that the sportsman can enjoy his moors and preserves and the farmer can cultivate the most fertile land without having cause to worry about the toll levied by pheasant and hare.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Lady Loch is given on the front page of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. Lady Loch who is the only daughter of the fifth Marquess of Northampton, was married in 1905 to Major-General Lord Loch and has a son and three little daughters.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.

COUNTRY



NOTES

FORTUNATELY there does not seem to be any likelihood of much delay in the starting of the journey of the Prince of Wales to Australia. The outbreak of influenza on the *Renown* is reported to be of a slight character. Very likely a start may be made before these words appear. The visit is evidently exciting the pleasantest anticipations in the mind of the distinguished traveller who is nothing if not vital and vivacious. That he will have an extremely pleasant time is not to be doubted, and it may be assumed with equal certainty that the tour will be productive of important results for the Empire. It was a happy thought on the part of the Prime Minister to describe the Prince as our greatest ambassador. He is not at all likely to interfere in diplomacy or official life, but his way of carrying with him wherever he goes the enthusiasm and good will of those with whom he comes in contact makes it absolutely certain that his visit will have the effect of strengthening and making more intimate the bonds that unite the Australian countries to the Mother State.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN will have a great opportunity when he produces his Budget. Great Britain, in spite of muddlement in certain quarters, has made a good start in financial reconstruction, and it is possible, and even probable, that the Budget will show a surplus. The amounts of money raised will be beyond precedent, and, of course, it follows that so will the taxation imposed. The country will not mind that if it be made plain that effective steps are being taken towards the reduction of the debt. Everybody knows that great sacrifices have to be made, and they will be willingly made if they are going to produce results. Whatever discontent has been manifested is almost exclusively due to a suspicion that spending proceeds on too large a scale and that, consequently, paying taxes might be said to resemble the act of putting money into a bag with a hole in it. Stop the hole and the bag will soon fill up. People know, too, that individual and private economy is as necessary as public and State economy. It is the industrious individual citizen who accumulates funds.

EVIDENTLY the Turk is not to be disposed of so easily as was at one time expected. Hardly had the information gone forth that if he behaved himself he would be allowed to remain in Constantinople than intelligence was received of a new and a terrible massacre of Armenians in Cilicia. It came just in time to remind us all that the Turk is still the unspeakable. He has been in possession of Constantinople for some six hundred years, and during most of that time has kept it in a state of ferment, while the corruption of his rule has never varied. It is a thousand pities that President Wilson did not rise to the occasion and accept the mandate from the League of Nations to attend to Constantinople. Had he done so the stables might have been cleansed. But, as is his custom, the Turk has interpreted the fair and generous offer made to him as a sign of weakness, and the only palpable result

is that it has encouraged him to return to his evil ways. If the incident results in the Turk being turned bag and baggage out of Europe, any trouble and annoyance it may cause will not be endured in vain.

MUCH can be said in favour and nothing in hostility to the appeal sent forth on behalf of the science and art of radiology. It is signed by a great many statesmen as well as men of science, and it was a happy thought to associate the idea with the memory of Mackenzie Davidson, one of the most charming of men, whose devotion to science, and particularly to radiology, cost him a life that was willingly yielded. His memory will be treasured by all who ever came into contact with him. It is not altogether as a monument, however, that this scheme is advocated. The real reason is that the knowledge of radium and its effects, if not still in its infancy, is, nevertheless, capable of great development. In medicine it has been used with wonderful efficiency in the diagnosis of disease and in the localisation of foreign bodies and broken bones. But those do not exhaust its possibilities. Radiology is not a purely medical subject. Experimental research has shown that it may be profitably employed commercially in a number of industries, and a new subject, radiometallography, has come into being, which offers great possibilities of examining the internal structure of metals and other materials. If, then, Great Britain wishes to carry this science forward and generally to take the lead among the countries of Europe in perfecting our industries and bringing the latest light and knowledge to bear on them, the establishment of a Chair of Radiology is not only advisable but necessary, and we hope the project will be liberally supported.

THE UPLAND VALLEY.

O citizens, you citizens, though London Town be fair,
And ladies in fine silken gowns go gaily walking there,
You do not know the uplands where wild things live and die;
And a man may go on walking till his forehead touch the sky
In the uplands.

There the narrow limestone track plunges downward like a sword
Through pinewood and bracken to a broken-watered ford;
And quietly fall sun and rain, and quietly the snow;
It's quiet in the valley, and a man might never know

In the valley,

That ever such a famous place as London Town could be,
Only that the southern winds, when blowing silently,
Enough to stir the tree-tops, often set them whispering
Of the lowlands, the lowlands, and the lost things wandering
In the lowlands.

OSWALD H. HARLAND.

THERE is something touching in the anxiety which men feel about a future in which they can have no part. The natural tendency is to try to order things after death as they were ordered in life. But that was not exactly the principle of Mr. Charles Frederick Osborne, of Battle, Sussex, and of the Indian Civil Service, whose will has just been propounded. The interesting part of it is to be found in the directions about the education and training of his sons. He asks them to make special efforts to be good at French and suggests that they should live with a French family in their holidays and learn to talk French fluently. He is keen on games and thinks cricket and football are better discipline for boys than tennis or rackets. Reading he enjoins, but deprecates the reading of second-rate stuff. He would have them, however, live in their time and learn all about its controversies, problems—religious, literary, social and scientific. He wishes, too, that the boys should travel as much as they can, for, as he very truly says, a boy who up to twenty has met only people of second-rate ability, will probably only aim at being nothing more than second-rate himself.

THERE can be few who pass out of this life leaving so many friends behind as Mrs. Percy Wyndham. She died on Monday at Babraham, the house of her daughter who most resembles her, Mrs. Charles Adeane. It would be easy to dilate on many aspects of Mrs. Wyndham's mind. She was a poet, an artist, a gardener, a lover of

nature ; but more than all these were her unfailing kindness and large-hearted sympathy and understanding. While her husband, the late Mr. Percy Wyndham, was living, she once with him paid a visit to this office, and no one who was here then ever forgot the way in which she learned about everybody within a short space of time. Without any curiosity in the vulgar sense of the term, she had such an interest in people that she could not help drawing out from them some part of their life history. She went to see the monotype printing, which was then a novelty, but very soon she was in conversation with the men in the room, finding out how many children that one had, how far this one had to come to his work and all the little incidents in their lives. From incidents like these she derived the greatest pleasure, and there is no circle in which she ever moved that would not admit her to have been the kindest and most gracious personality. In the last conversation of the present writer with Mrs. Wyndham the talk ran almost entirely on those she had lost in the War and before the War. She had a wonderful judgment and, therefore, it is worth chronicling that she anticipated a poet's career for Edward Tennant, and a statesman's career for her cousin, the son of Colonel Wyndham. Had her son, George Wyndham, lived, she firmly believed that the tempestuous times through which we are going would have drawn out of him capacities beyond what an outsider would have credited him with.

THERE are some battles which, however hard fought and long drawn out they may be, must end inevitably in the victory of one side. Such was the battle over compulsory Greek, which has now we may presume ended once and for all. It is now some time since compulsory Greek was abolished at Cambridge, and now the "last ditchers" on behalf of that lost cause have been beaten at Oxford. It would be a thousand pities if this was held to be by the world at large a victory for utilitarian education ; the abolition of a subject simply because it did not pay. Many of the sincerest lovers of the classics have been in favour of doing away with compulsion, because they realise that the small amount of Greek once required to get through "Smalls" or the "Little Go" never educated anyone or by itself gave the smallest insight into the beauties of Greek literature. It is sometimes said that once Greek ceases to be a compulsory subject, the entire study of the language will decay. Those who advance this argument pay the very poorest compliment to the subject which they profess to love. If Greek could only survive through a large number of people being made to hate it and waste a term or two of work into the bargain, then it ought not to survive at all.

WHAT an excellent training the Oxford University Moot Club must be for those who are contemplating the law as a profession. On Saturday last the first meeting was held after a stoppage that lasted for several years and Lord Justice Atkin presided. The case was a useful but not a very intricate one. A agrees with X to sell him one thousand quarters of best hard wheat for three thousand pounds, but A, to fulfil the contract, ships one thousand quarters of inferior wheat which are sold for one thousand seven hundred pounds. X, before he has had an opportunity of seeing the shipping documents and without knowledge of the description of the wheat, repudiates the contract. There is a difference of five hundred pounds between the contract price and the market price at the date of breach and of completion. Can he recover anything from X? The speeches for and against were extremely good, but, of course, the masterly summary of the judge made them look a little less than what they were. The Universities might have more of the same kind of thing.

THE country was once more in the convulsive grip of the Cup ties last Saturday. Excursion trains from the North and Midlands disgorged enthusiasts in the streets of London at five o'clock in the morning ; there were queues at the gates by breakfast time and at Stamford Bridge sixty-one thousand people watched Chelsea beat Bradford. At the end of the day it was seen that the Fates had stage-managed the semi-final round to perfection.

There are now four clubs left in, and one of these, Chelsea comes from London, Aston Villa from the Midlands Huddersfield from the North and Bristol City from the West. Thus local patriotism will be inflamed over the largest possible area. Of the four, Aston Villa is the name that appeals to the ordinary mortal who has no very passionate interest in either Cups or Leagues. Modern professional football is not very attractive or romantic, but something of romance does belong to Aston Villa, as it does to West Bromwich Albion and Blackburn Rovers, and, above all, perhaps, to Preston North End. For Preston reminds us of the Old Carthusians who fought against that once illustrious club, and of the Walters and Cobbold and other great men who were playing when the name of Association Football had a sweeter sound than it has to-day.

THOUGHTS.

I see white swans upon the lake,
Sailing upon the smoke-grey lake,
Just where the branches of the trees
Part. And I think now to myself
Like my pale thoughts those white swans are—
My pale thoughts that go floating on
The surface of my smoke-grey life.
And swans before they die do sing
A strange mysterious song of life,
And so at times my thoughts make song,
And set themselves to cadences.

Across the lake the white swans go—
They sail away like ships at sea ;
And my thoughts wander on till they
Like the white swans are lost to sight.

IRENE TILLARD.

WE believe that people in this country are strong enough not to take amiss the announcement about bread and flour made by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons on Monday afternoon. Wheat must go up in price. There is no practical way of preventing it. You cannot expect farmers to grow wheat for seventy-six shillings a quarter while a hundred and thirty shillings, or something near it, is being paid for imported wheat. Further, the farmer cannot do it. His costs have gone up so much that what was a good price at the beginning of the War has become a losing price now, and the amount of land that has been taken away from the plough is the strongest testimony to the sincerity of the farmers. If, as some people say, they were making a fortune out of wheat, they would take very great care not to lay down the wheat-land to grass. The public, after April 13th, will have to face a rise in the price of the loaf. That cannot be helped. All we can hope for is that the consumer will see the justice of paying for his bread, not screwing the price out of the pocket of the tax-payers of which he is one. The loaf subsidy as a war measure could be defended. It cannot be defended as a permanent arrangement for peace time.

NO declaration of the Prime Minister has been more warmly welcomed than his announcement that the West Indies are not for sale. It had been suggested in various quarters that the easiest way to liquidate our debt to the United States would be to sell them the West Indies. Everything against such a proposal and nothing in its favour. The time has not yet come, and we hope never will, for the break up of the Empire by instalments. Again, to do so would be directly contrary to all that has been held and preached during the War. Territory after this will never be considered the property of anyone who acquired it except by descent. It belongs to the people who inhabit it, and that would be perfectly true whether the people governed it or allowed a foreign power to do so. What, then, is there to sell? The land is not ours. It is that of the private inhabitants. The right to govern is not a financial asset, but the choice of the people. We are glad that the significance and morality of this question have been so clearly exposed.

GOSPELS IN THE WIND

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

Is it not strange for ever
That . . . birds and dawn-lit roses
Are gospels in the wind,
Fading upon the deserts,
Poor pilgrim revelations?

—JOHN DRINKWATER.

THE sound of the wind to science and the magic of the wind in poetry set the mind musing on those gospels in the wind, flowers.

There is a sense in which all flowers are the same flower—a thing of beauty, a symbol of evanescence, a joy for ever. But there is also another sense in which every flower is an "I and none other," a passionate individualist proclaiming an evangel that, but for itself, our hearts would never hear at first-hand.

It is only natural, perhaps, that, in this latter sense, the flowers that are the earliest to "break on the winter continence of men" should also be those able to convey to us most clearly their individual message. For we are born again with the birth of the year; we see each flower of early spring as though it were the first, not only of its season but of its heavenly race; for awhile we are children open-eyed before a miracle; sophistication is not yet in us.

And in the topsy-turvy spring now upon us, it has happened to the present writer to encounter within a few hours of each other two such miracles—and two that are not often seen in bloom at the same time, so that the contrast in their appeal became the more striking.

Snowdrops were the first. They were no longer, it is true, in the wind, but in a bowl on a lamp-lit table, and were saluting an artificial morn at midnight or thereabouts when they surprised the tired eyes of a traveller returning from a distant theatre. But their gospel was not obscured by their setting; rather was it intensified. Double and single, white-winged and golden-hearted, fresh from their cool beds, they pointed the moral of how far afield the foolish heart may search for a beauty that sits at home. It is the quality of sheer goodness that the snowdrop radiates—dazzling, breath-taking. "The beauty of holiness." . . . Involuntarily the phrase leapt to the mind that did homage before that vision. Holiness we know, perhaps, at other times—the kingdom, the power or the

glory of it. But the beauty? Surely it takes a snowdrop to reveal that. Lowliness, too, of course, is in the snowdrop's gospel; the humility that is before honour—that fashions in solitude and cold and darkness the things which honour can do no more than belatedly proclaim. It is not snowdrops that will ever clamour for appreciation of "all the work in the heart of them"; behind the fair sweep of down-dropped wings that work is done. Yet this lovely modesty, this detail and delicacy of workmanship the snowdrop shares with other flowers; what is her own, and matchless through all the months until she comes again is that rapt ecstasy, that holiness absolute and serene—the beauty, the *beauty* of it. . . .

And then the next morning, after a few hours' sleep, there was almond-blossom. It was not actually out; it was on that secret, rose-budded verge of fulfilment when it is still able to conceal what it is up to from all but the sun and the more ardent among its lovers. For the almond-tree's innocent, annual weakness is an ambition to take us utterly by surprise, to be a sudden display of fireworks and make us all cry "Oo!" to hide in the wings of the world for three hundred and fifty odd days, and then, for its one crowded hour of glorious life, to hold, undisputed and adored, the middle of Nature's stage. It does it, too, of course; it was going to begin doing it the next day; and there was something peculiarly exciting (and, one absurdly felt, annoying to the almond-tree) in catching it thus on the very eve of its cleverly planned metamorphosis into a miracle. Miraculous enough it was, even so, in the morning sun, with its buds of a deeper, warmer hue than they would ever be again—the very sunrise hue of promise. Not holiness, but joy is the almond's gospel—light-hearted, pagan joy, unshadowed as in the first morning of Eden. Brimming with sudden, startled beauty, flinging blushes and laughter to the blue sky, carpeting the very air for the coming of spring, the almond affects us less as a flowering tree than as a burst of music, a shout of welcome, the triumphal progress of an army with banners.

Nevertheless, there remains always something exotic and Eastern about the almond. It never forgets that it really *has* blossomed in Eden—nor even that it has contributed to the passage of pink and impermanent loves in harem gardens.



Ward Muir.

"DAFFODILS, TENDER YET AUSTERE."

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It has nothing, positively nothing in common with the snow-drop—nothing with primroses that are the young-eyed cherubim of the year—nothing with virginal daffodils, tender yet austere. Even the violet, with its scent that is like a hearted glow in its velvet darkness, has nothing in common with the almond, for the violet's clear, individual note, while it is intensity, is not passion.

In daisies we seem to recognise Nature's chubby babies, crowing immoderately or gurgling deliciously in the snug, grassy safety of their cradles over the most infantile or chestnutty of the maternal jokes, the most knock-about of her farces on her favourite subject, the weather.

Crocuses, jolly and companionable, have not much "beyond" to them; they are rather immature little beggars that lightly draw their breath, crowding and nudging and giggling together, like any lovable, coltish company of school children.

But with forget-me-nots and some kinds of narcissi (notably the pheasant-eye) Heaven lies about us again. The quality of awe re-enters our consciousness, and we blush for the world we have to offer to that pure, wondering, starry gaze.

Bluebells, on the other hand, have a curiously dual nature. Heaven lies conspicuously about them, too, when, in companies, they drift like a blue smoke through a wood; but single and stiff and sticky?—yes, there is no disguising it; they are something of a disappointment.

Tulips . . . ? Tulips are magnificent—but they are no longer spring. Pomp and circumstance enter into their composition; the world is just a little too much with them.

And after tulips—summer. Not, of course, that there is the least word to be said against summer flowers—except

that they are not spring ones! Faint and more faintly comes that spirit-call whose first note was the snowdrop. It is not the flowers' fault; it is ours. The miserable truth emerges: *we cannot keep it up*. The freshness of perception that we had when the year was at the spring grows dulled; gospel after gospel fades upon the desert. Now and then we still catch a word here and there: a spray of wild honeysuckle drenched in summer rain spills its scent upon our soul rather than upon our sense; or a veil is all but lifted as

The grasses, like an anchored smoke,
Ride in the bending gale;

or we hear a note of the harebell's elfin song in the

quickenings winds that go
With ghostly steps across the supple grass,
Shaking from all who grow
Music of adoration as they pass.

But never again through the months do most of us read a flower's title clear and thrillingly sweet, as we once read the title of the snowdrop, the primrose, the daffodil. Never again, not even from the rose with its infinite variety, do we hear the one clear call of the flowers that belong to the morning, to the bird-sweet dawn of the year. Again, it is no fault of the rose; it is that we cannot keep it up; we cannot! Summer—autumn flowers come and go, and we smell them and pick them and exclaim over their beauty. But their essence, their

authentic news
Of Paradise

escapes us, and as we turn away we hear only their sigh:

'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

PORTRAITS BY MR. JOHN

BY CHARLES MARRIOTT.

PUTTING on one side all the other merits displayed in it, the exhibition of War, Peace Conference and other portraits by Mr. Augustus E. John, at the Alpine Club Gallery, at once establishes the feeling of confidence that is only given by work that is first rate of its kind. As somebody said: "You never have a moment's doubt." Other portrait painters may show themselves more expert readers of particular kinds of character or keener judges of particular kinds of beauty; but Mr. John gives a consistent account of every human being who comes his way. He is like a finished batsman who knows how to deal with every kind of ball, adapting his methods but always personal in his play. Like other painters, he is unequal in execution; but he is equal in the way he responds to the subject before him. If he goes out of his way, as in some of the female portraits in this exhibition, it is because his imagination is distinct from his observation is engaged; but he nearly always lets you know it by some emphasis, if not extravagance of treatment. In the straight-forward portrait he gives the impression of extreme trustworthiness.

This impression is so marked that it is worth while trying to find out what it comes from. The reason is, I think, that more than most painters Mr. John reposes upon his craft. He sees clearly and steadily, but in his reading of character his hand rather than his vision decides the business. In the equation of portraiture, subject, vision and execution, his hand is the constant factor. One subject may interest him more than another, and he will paint better at one time than another, but he always paints



COLONEL T. E. LAWRENCE, C.B., D.S.O.

in the same conviction. Not what the person looks like to the eye, but how the person looks in paint, is his interpretation of the portrait painter's duty. The judgment is made with the brush and not with the eye.

This probity of brush-work accounts, I think, for the remarkable consistency of an exhibition that covers the widest extremes of strongly marked character. Incidentally, and allowing for the difference of modern outlook and method, it relates Mr. John to the great portrait painters of the eighteenth century. They, also, were very true to their craft. You may question the superficial "likeness" of a Reynolds or a Gainsborough and distrust the painter's "idea" of character or beauty, but you never doubt that that is the way the subject translated into painting. You make, instinctively and unconsciously, the same allowances for the style and prejudice of the individual painter as you make for the style and prejudice of the individual writer in reading history.

In that sense Mr. John's portraits are eminently historical. Whether or not they are true to life by the standard of intimate acquaintance with the subjects, they are certainly true to the context of painting. Assume for the sake of argument that "The Right Hon. Gerald Massey" is not painted as he appears to his personal friends. That does not matter, because he is true in relation to the same painter's "The Right Hon. William Hughes, P.C.," and "Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., P.C." If there is any departure from life in one case there is the same in all, so that it works out to the same thing in the end. All are painted at the same distance from life, so to speak. Being true to each other they are true to life as reflected in Mr. John's body of painting. If you sat down to "interpret" the characters of these eminent men from their portraits in this exhibition you might make mistakes; but you would only make the same sort of mistakes as from observing them in life. That is about as near as you can get to history in an imperfect world.

In every case what Mr. John gives you is the painter's testimony. Like the rest of us, he may be supposed to have social and political opinions, but there is not a hint of them in the record. He looks at the subject and says what he feels about him with his brush. One test of truth is that he makes it credible that these eminent men should occupy the positions that they do. Nobody could mistake them for "ordinary people," and yet there is no insistence on the conventional signs of ability. There is not a "still, strong, silent man" in the exhibition. In looking at Mr. Massey and Sir Robert Borden you feel, it is true, what is called "dominating personality," but in "The Right Hon. William Hughes, P.C.," the impression of power conveyed owes nothing to physique. It is all a matter of simmering energy. Mr. Hughes is sitting still enough in his chair, but the next moment he will spring to his feet and break into passionate declamation. Contrast with this picture the cool, business-like aspect of "Sir William Goode, K.B.E." There can be no question that the pictures are true in relation to each other. The values of life are translated into the values of painting.

In some respects "The Right Hon. Lord Robert Cecil, P.C., M.P.," strikes me as the most remarkable portrait in the exhibition. There is no suggestion in it that Mr. John set out



PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO.

to make what is called a psychological study, but he has made one by sheer truth of painting. He has read Lord Robert not so much with his mind as with his brush. I do not mean that Mr. John has not a very acute and perceptive mind, but that, when he takes up his brush, he seems able to make his mind entirely receptive and not critical at all—except in technical matters. He has the gift of what Wordsworth called "a wise passivity." That is what, apart from his technical powers, distinguishes him from most portrait painters. It is the difference between the critic and the medium—in the spiritualistic sense of the word. He has let Lord Robert "come through" and made his comments only with his brush. The result is a remarkable study of a moral enthusiast: the apostle of the League of Nations as distinct from its practical organisers.

Naturally enough, Mr. John has found his best opportunities as a craftsman in "Colonel T. E. Lawrence, C.B., D.S.O.," and "H.R.H. Emir Feisul." Apart from the advantage of picturesque costume, the subjects themselves, as men of action, are more external in character. They permit a fluency of treatment that is not possible in dealing with men whose lives are mainly in the head. For one thing they are younger than most of the other subjects, and so lend themselves to what may be called the gallantry of the brush. There are two studies of both, but there can be little question that the head of Colonel Lawrence (29) and the larger version of Emir Feisul (14) are the more successful. The head of Colonel Lawrence, indeed, strikes me as the happiest, if not the best, piece of painting in the room. It shows to perfection Mr. John's capacity for what is,

perhaps, the most essential thing in painting—for striking a tone truly with the effortless precision with which a good singer places a note. The modelling round the mouth is admirable in this respect.

As is proper in this gallery of eminent men the portraits of women seem to play the part of detached and slightly satirical spectators—in the “Comic Spirit” of George Meredith. They might be exchanging remarks, if not over the heads, at any rate beside the intelligence of the heavier sex; and Mr. Bernard

Shaw has closed his eyes to hear the better. They are studies in temperament rather than of character, and Mr. John allows his imagination to play round what the temperament suggests. “Princess Antoine Bibesco” is a study in vivacity. In a Classical age he might have called her *Thalia*, and “Lady Michelham” *Hebe*. Lest anybody should think that Mr. John is in any way dependent upon fame for his interpretations, it should be said that the portraits of unnamed Canadian soldiers are as strongly individualised as any of the others.

HIGH ON A HILL

High on a hill my house is set
And round me all the world is spread.
The royal winds, by night and day
Go singing o'er my head.
A guard of honour I have here
Of trees that could not brook the plain,
Sparse trees, that spring up tall and straight
To meet the dropping wain.
And often in my garden plot,
While Night is in the valley still,
The shy and austere Dawn will rest
Her feet upon my hill.
A shining ribbon, far below,
The silver Nene winds in and out,
And many-coloured hills and vales
Encompass me about.
And here the cawing rooks abound
And larks that fill the sky with song,
And the fine chant of rushing winds,
So beautiful and strong.
Here will I live and have my home,
So high upon a barren hill,
With the fair world about me spread,
Incomparable still.

CHRISTINA HOLE.

FARM AND FIELD IN FEBRUARY, 1920

BY DR. WINIFRED E. BRENCHEY.

FEBRUARY, 1920, will long be remembered for its bright sunny days—days on which the sun had sufficient power to make it a pleasure to sit out of doors and bask, often without the need of seeking shelter from the wind.

Occasional short spells of wintry weather and snow flurries only accentuated the general mildness of the season, and the response to the favourable conditions was marked by the vegetation on every hand. In the warm districts of the South of England growth is often well advanced in February, but in the colder parts towards the east and north the month usually sees only tightly closed buds, with but little sign of awakening animation among the plants. This year all is different, and the bold forwardness of the buds gives rise to grave fears for the result if wintry conditions return later on. On my desk as I am writing is a handful of blackthorn gathered from the hedgerow from a large bush in full bloom on February 20th. White's “Natural History of Selborne,” gives March 16th as the earliest date for the blossoming of the blackthorn in the south, so that this cold district of Hertfordshire has beaten that record by three weeks and a half. In sheltered corners the pear trees are in blossom, the hawthorn is in full leaf, and the rose hedges shimmer with delicate green as the sun glints on their half-open buds. Sallows are beginning to blossom, hazel catkins have lengthened and shed their pollen, the dull red glory of the elm flowers is over, the sticky buds of the horse chestnut are bursting and their fanlike leaves are hastening out of their woolly coats. Even the later trees are responding to the exceptional conditions, for in the distance the woodlands show that indefinable haze indicative of swelling buds, as though the leaves are impatient to emerge from their winter prisons into the freedom of the spring.

The low growing plants of the hedgerow and field are not a whit behind their loftier neighbours, and on every side fresh green shoots are springing up through the debris of last year's dead leaves. Several weeks ago dog's mercury was in flower and the leaves of the wild arum and bluebell were growing tall and strong, while wild violets and golden celandines were beginning to add a note of colour in certain places. On the open commons the sward has lost much of its desolate brownish tinge and is cheerfully green, throwing into strong relief the black-green clumps of gorse, which are beginning to flaunt their yellow blossoms in profusion. The cottage gardens repeat the note of forwardness, for in addition to the early spring flowers, such later comers as periwinkle, daffodils and yellow japonica are already in bloom.

Thanks to the favourable weather farming operations are exceptionally well forward, as the recent lack of heavy rain has

allowed the heavier soils to dry out well, with the result that cultivation has gone on apace. At Rothamsted it is rarely possible to prepare the ground for barley sowing till March or April, but this year drilling was in hand by the middle of February and the young plants will soon be appearing above ground. Such early sowing on this land has not been possible for many years, as no February seeding has ever been done since 1905, and even then it was later in the month.

To a casual observer the autumn sown wheat as yet shows little response, but below ground the plant is making rapid preparations for growth. Where the ground is fertile and has been kept adequately manured, the roots have struck deep into the soil and the new rootlets, which are the forerunners of the spring growth, are developing fast. In such cases the shoots are already pushing ahead and the drills are strongly marked out by the clear green colour of the sturdy plants. Even where the land has been starved the first signs of new rootlets are evident, and the corresponding start of the shoots will not be long delayed. The weeds are taking full advantage of their opportunity and in places the soil is almost carpeted with multitudes of seedlings among which the ivy-leaved speedwell is often predominant. Elsewhere several of the commoner weeds are in full flower, and shepherd's purse, field speedwell, chickweed and groundsel are already laying up trouble in store for the farmer, as their seeds are steadily ripening and scattering. Goosegrass and fumitory are well ahead, and promise to make a brave show if they are not soon cut down by spring cultivation.

On grassland which has been limed or manured on different systems the effect of the various treatments is as conspicuous now as it will be later in the year. The more favourable the treatment, the earlier the grass started into growth, and the hastening action of well balanced manures is specially marked. On untreated land or in the presence of one-sided fertilisers such as superphosphate or mixed mineral manures, only, little headway has been made, and the meadows still appear brown or russet with last year's dead foliage. Even with nitrogenous manures, when these have been used alone, growth is hanging back, but where both nitrogen and minerals (potash and phosphorus) have been applied the fresh green shoots are strongly developed and have hidden almost all trace of the dead leaves. With nitrate of soda and minerals the grass is quite luxuriant, several inches high, and as thick and well-grown as though it were a good aftermath in the autumn. It is indeed almost possible to forecast already the relative proportion of the crops that will be obtained with the various fertilisers and in the light of past experience such forecasts would probably be correct.

The extreme earliness of the season is perhaps most marked in the colder districts that are usually late, where growth in farm and field lags behind that of more favoured districts. Nevertheless even London has seen sights that are abnormal for

February, for the flower buds of lilac are showing, French currant is in full bloom, and the pink almond is so laden with perfect bloom that it makes a picture that will not easily fade from memory.

GULL PONDS IN THE BRITISH ISLES

MR. ROBERT GURNEY has written a valuable and very interesting paper on the breeding stations of the black-headed gull in the British Islands for the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society. It will be valued in places far removed from its source of origin, because it gives a very comprehensive view of the subject. Mr. Gurney modestly asks his list to be regarded as an incomplete framework, but, as far as a single individual can judge, it seems to be exhaustive. The writer can say this particularly of Northumberland, which is placed first among the counties. Thus the first name in the list is Pallinsburn, which is described as very ancient. It probably is very old, because there was a great marsh close to it at the time of the Battle of Flodden and presumably long before it; but whether the pond is a remnant of this marsh or artificially constructed is doubtful. The story is that the gulls came from the neighbourhood of Morebattle, and an attempt has been made to show that the name of this place is equivalent to Mere Battle; that is,

eleven for the east central counties—Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Essex—nine for the west central counties and Wales—Cheshire, Denbighshire, Anglesey, Merionethshire, Montgomeryshire, Radnorshire—and eight for the south counties—Kent, Hampshire, Isle of Wight, Dorsetshire.

Of recent years the bird seems to have increased in numbers, although its decrease was frequently prophesied in the days when extensive draining was going on, as it was believed that the marshes, bogs, mires and so on would be so reduced in numbers that there would not be sufficient of them left to accommodate the birds; but the black-headed gull is a sea-bird for the greater part of the year and has flourished under the immunity created by the Wild Birds' Protection Acts. Mr. Gurney has tried to trace the habits of the black-headed gull so far as they involve returning to the same breeding place; but the facts are scarcely sufficient to support any general conclusion. Most of the ringing has been done at Ravenglass by Messrs. Robinson and Smalley. Of fourteen birds ringed



Seton P. Gordon.

GULLS SETTLING IN A MEADOW.

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the village by the lake. Undoubtedly there was a lake, but there is also a moor. What rather confirms the traditional view, however, is that the little stream which runs past Morebattle, at one time, as is evidenced by a channel still existing, ran into the Beaumont, whereas now it is a feeder of the Teviot. The alleged bursting of the lake is said to have taken place about a hundred and fifty years ago, but the writer has hitherto failed to discover any local record of the fact. The remainder of the list, taken with Mr. Bolam's supplement, appears to be correct. To be exact, or to be as exact as possible, the black-headed gull is a little capricious in its habits, and the small gull pond often is deserted for a year or more and then sought again. This has happened to Pallinsburn frequently, but the cause seems to have been that the little islands where the gulls nest were submerged owing to the season being exceptionally wet.

The Cumberland list seems also to be accurate, and in regard to the others one can only speak of a particular pond here and there, unless local ornithologies are carefully studied on the subject. Sixteen ponds are enumerated in Northumberland, and forty-nine for the northern counties,

only two seem actually to have returned to Ravenglass, but a considerable number have been found in the county and its neighbours. There is better evidence in regard to the direction in which they move after leaving the colony, which they usually do at the end of June or the beginning of July. Of thirty-nine birds recovered in July and August the majority, twenty-three, had moved in a southerly direction, those found north of Ravenglass being mostly in the county of Cumberland. Most of the southerly moving birds seem to have taken an easterly direction, and a few reached very distant points. One was taken at Landemer, Cherbourg, and another at Weymouth. Mr. Gurney's cautious conclusion is "that there is a distinct movement in winter to the south, to France, Spain, and probably to the Mediterranean, but that the majority of the birds do not leave this country, but spread themselves over England, mainly in the direction of the east coast." Marking experiments have been carried out at Rossitten, East Prussia, and the result described by Thienemann. The lines of migration as shown by him are along the Baltic and Belgian coasts to the Rhine, and beyond it to Western France, with a branch to England.

SIRES FOR HUNTER BREEDING

THE 'TWELVE SUPER PREMIUM HORSES FOR THE YEAR.

SO Rathurde has been deposed from his high estate as the holder of the King's Challenge Cup for the best King's Premium horse at the annual show of thoroughbred stallions. The horse looked just as well as ever, but it was a case of the new judges preferring a different type for champion. Rathurde

is a big horse, and I came to the conclusion quite early in the judging that the judges were not going blindly for the big ones. They had a significant following in agreement with them. No one would call the new champion, Gay Lally, a small horse, but he is not big in the sense that Rathurde is. I admired very



GAY LALLY.



JUTLAND.



SCARLET RAMBLER.



BIRK GILL.



W. A. Rouch.

POLITICAL.



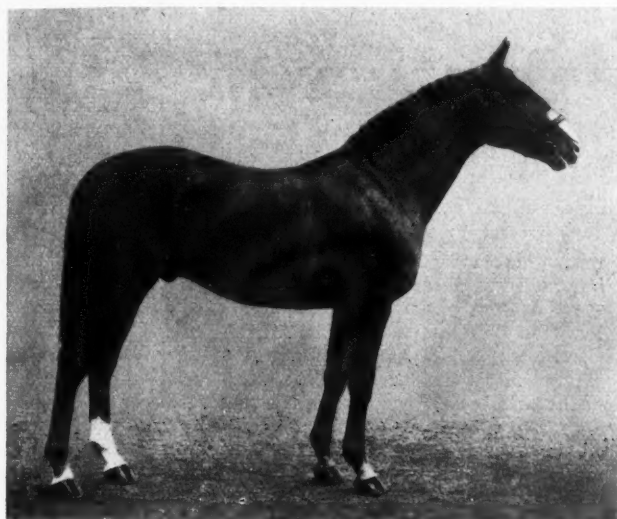
RED KING.

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much His Majesty's Jutland, by Marcovil out of Princess Dagmar. He surely, being of the long and low type with quality, plenty of bone, and a charming temperament, is the ideal to aim for. The only criticism I have to offer about him is that he is rather lacking over the loins and seems to fall away rather too sharply. But for that I would have expected him to win supreme honours. Jutland favours his dam's sire, Gallinule, rather than his own, Marcovil. It is quite remarkable how Gallinule stamped his stock and how many of them have done well at this annual

show of thoroughbred stallions. I hope light horse breeding in this country will prosper more than the outlook promises at the moment. The proposed dropping of so many Yeomanry regiments is not exactly a helpful incident; but at the root of the trouble, I think, is the fact that there seem to be fewer brood mares available and that breeders are getting keener on producing only pedigree stock whether in draught or thoroughbred horses. There is, at any rate, a good market for them.

PHILIPPOS.



DARIGAL.



GILGANDRA.



COCK-A-HOOP.



KING'S PRIZE.



W. A. Rouch.

KING EDGAR.



RATHURDE.

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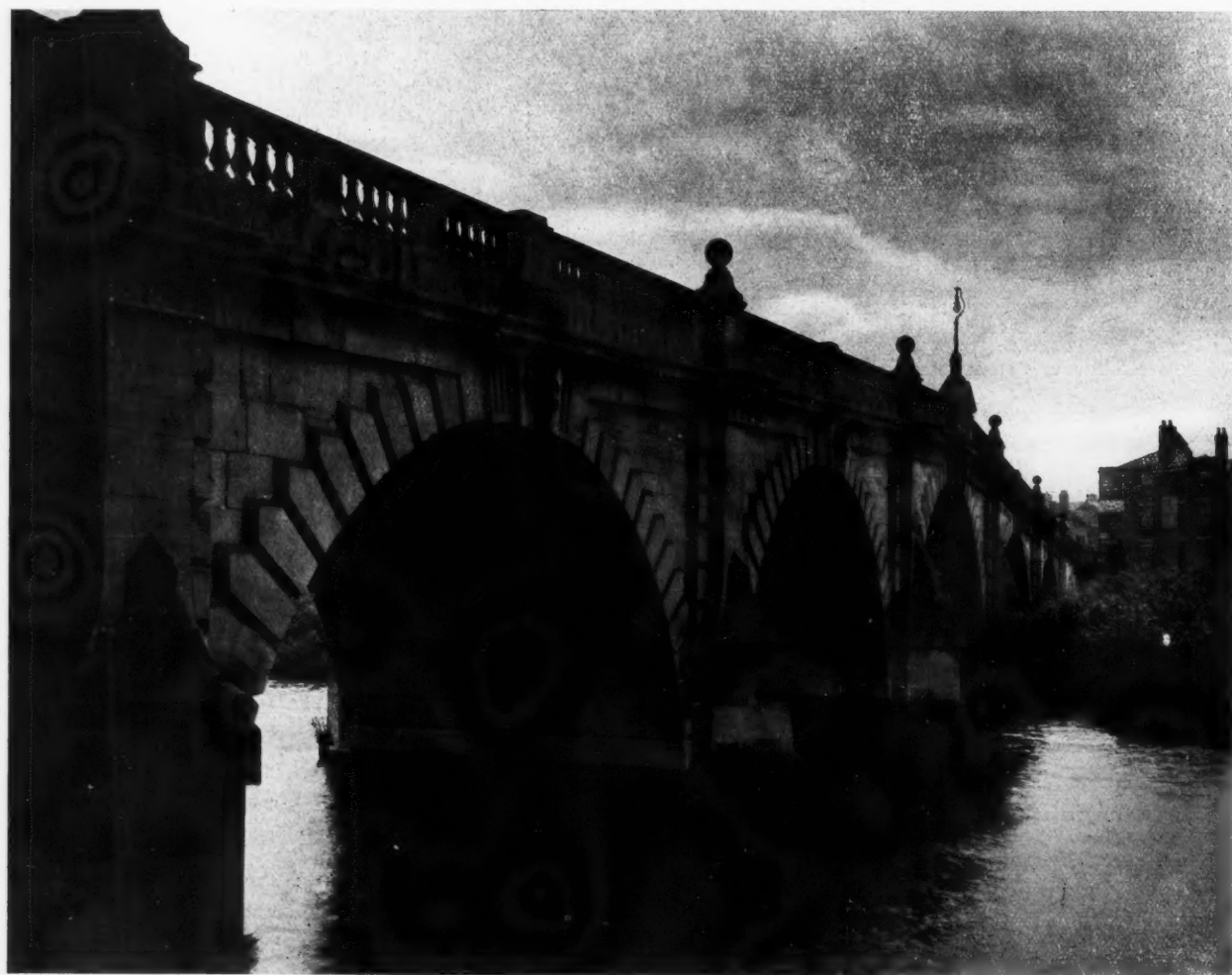
THE arrest of house building caused by the Civil War and Commonwealth times is a marked feature in the history of our domestic architecture, and nowhere more marked than in Shrewsbury town. Indeed, here, unlike many parts of England, there was not much building activity during the first four decades of the seventeenth century. Public buildings of stone, such as the Market and School houses, were erected just before the century opened, only a few timber-framed dwellings date from within it, and William Rowley was responsible for the only considerable Jacobean brick building. Thus, with few exceptions, the old houses of Shrewsbury fall into two very distinct classes, with little connecting link. There are the Elizabethan timber-framed houses, discussed and illustrated last week, very natively traditional and Gothic in their manner for the time when they were built; and there are the post-Restoration brick houses of full Late Renaissance type, with straight fronts, symmetrical rows of tall, narrow windows, and hipped roofs stretching down over a projecting cornice.

And yet Shrewsbury passed through the difficult times with little injury to its fabric or check to its prosperity. We have seen, in treating of Ercall and Eyton, how Charles I, after

raising his standard at Nottingham in 1642, came on to Shrewsbury and was supported by the leading county families, such as the Newports, of whom Sir Richard was made a peer in return for freely opening his purse-strings. He himself, thought Clarendon, would have preferred keeping them drawn and maintaining a neutral attitude. That was likewise the idea of the corporation, which ordained that "no person or persons do wear or bear any colours of any side or party," but that all should provide arms for the defence of themselves and the town. Yet when news came of the intended visit of Charles in armed array, his supporters carried the resolution that:

If the King's Majesty comes to this town, that then he shall have free access into the town, and that the town do make the best entertainment for him these troublesome times can afford.

This gave town and castle to the Royalists, and Francis Ottley of Pitchford was made governor and given a knighthood. Two years later Prince Rupert was there. We saw him lodged in "Jones the lawyer's mansion," and an assessment of £1,000 was raised for him. He changed the governor, and the garrison passed under the command of Sir Michael Ermley. But the feeling of the town, and probably even of part of the garrison,

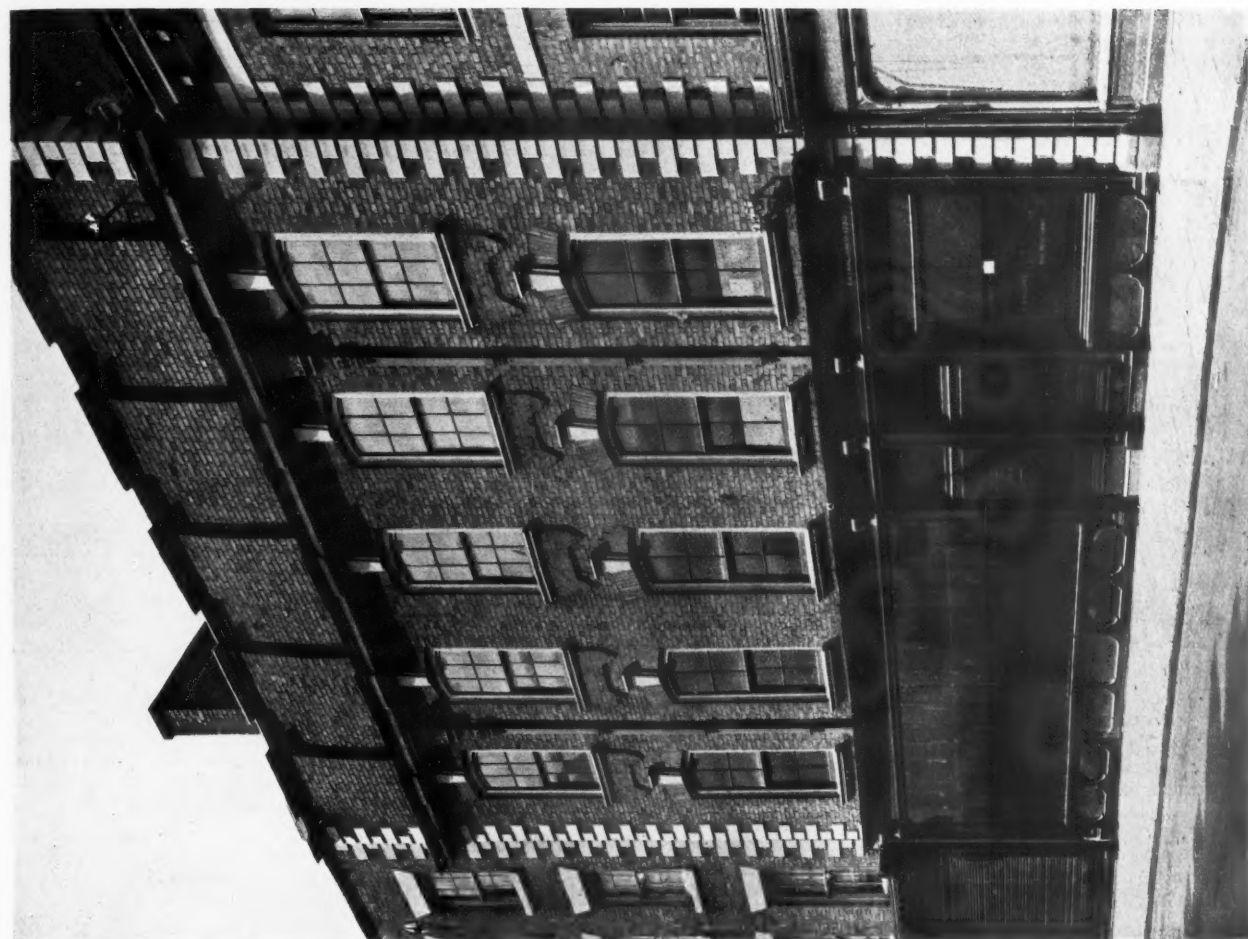


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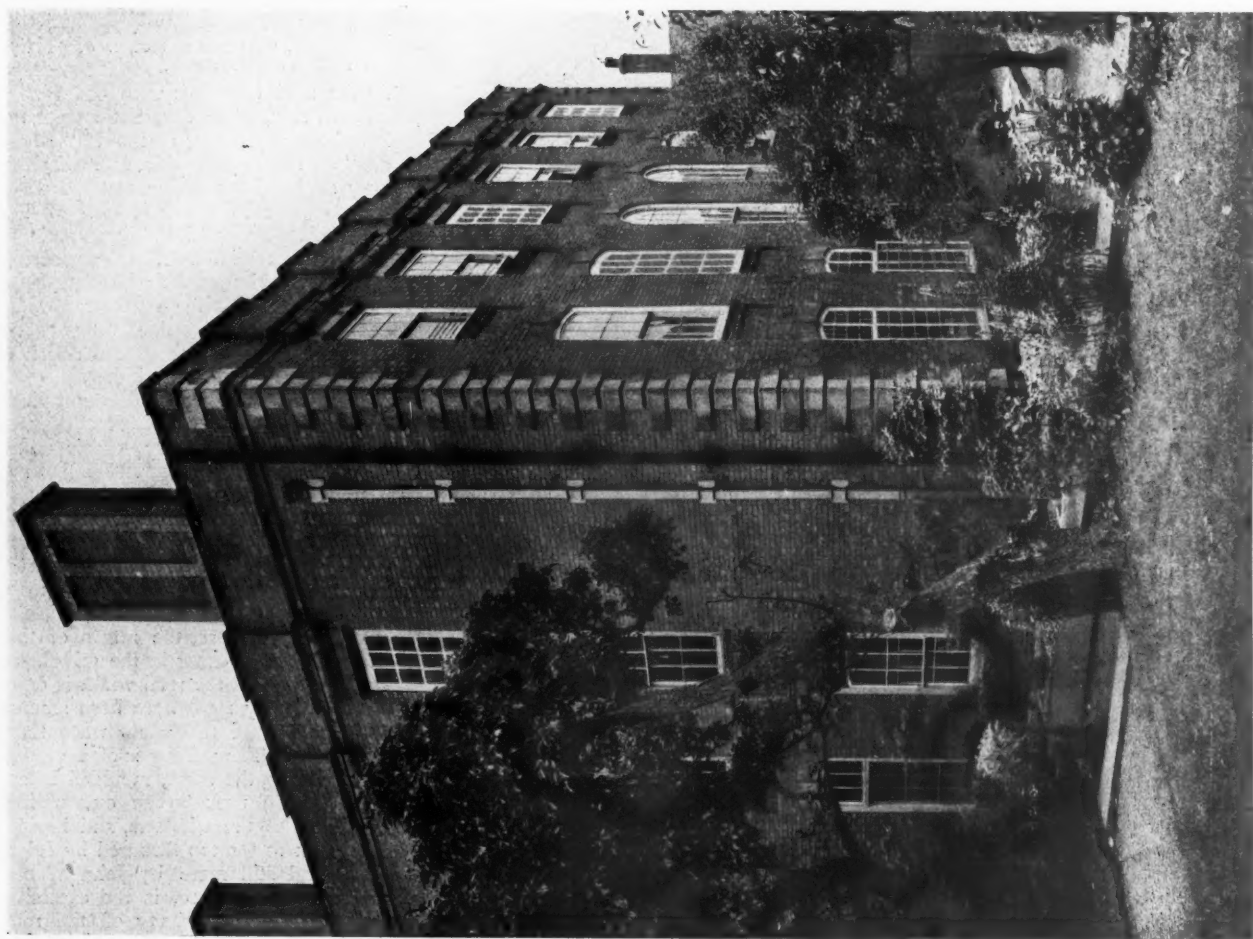
1.—THE ENGLISH BRIDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Built in 1769 to replace the narrow fortified mediaeval bridge with houses on it.



3.—A HOUSE IN MARKET SQUARE BUILT BY THOMAS WOLLEY IN 1730.



2.—THE ABBEY HOUSE: GARDEN SIDE.



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4.—QUEEN ANNE HOUSES ON BELMONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was veering to the other side. The Mytton influence was still strong, and Colonel Mytton of Halston had a command on the Parliament side, and was one of their representatives in the House of Commons. He set his heart on the capture of Shrewsbury and, failing to take the Frankwell fort, which would have allowed of his successful bombardment of the town, he prepared for a surprise well supported from within. The attempt was successfully made before dawn on a winter's

morning in 1645. While Sir Michael and his men slumbered in false security

eight Carpenters were conveyed up the river in a little boat, and landed within the enemy's breastwork under the Castle Hill on the East side; the centinels after some pause fired on them, but they soon sawed down so many of the pallisadoes as gave the men free passage.

That was really all. There were a few shots, but the invaders reached the market place and possessed themselves of the town by break of day. By noon the Castle was given up.

For this service Colonel Mytton received the public thanks in the House of Commons and was made Governor of the Castle, it being one of the King's strongest garrisons, for here were taken 8 Knights and Baronets, 40 Colonels, Majors, Captains and other of quality besides common men.

As the total casualties were one killed on each side, there does not appear to have been any strong resolve to "do or die" on the Royalist side, and Shrewsbury settled down to its usual life with some change in the personnel of its officials, lay and clerical, but no serious dislocation of its business or social habits. But times were still disturbed, and the only building we hear of was defensive, and consisted of the renewal of the section of the town wall running north from the Welsh Bridge.

How soon after the Restoration of 1660 citizens and adjacent landowners launched out into any considerable rehousing does not appear. We find no dated Charles II houses, and the prevalent style is certainly that which followed rather than preceded the year 1700. There are, however, two or three houses in Princess Street that may well have been erected immediately after, if not before, the return of the Stuarts. They occur in the middle of the street where the total width is only 16ft., but they must have been among the most prized residences when they were built. The walling is of a rough, narrow brick, the same, moulded in an ovolo, being used as an outstanding architrave to the windows, and having the break at the top favoured by Inigo Jones and still more by John Webb. In their manner, too, is the excessive and Italian-like overhang of the roof cornice supported by stalwart and enriched modillions. The general treatment may be compared with the north or simpler elevation of Tyttenhanger, which



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5.—THE GARDEN DOOR OF No. 6, BELMONT

"C.L."

there is every reason to believe Webb designed a few years before the Restoration. But as the West of England was slow to adopt new methods and styles, the Princess Street houses—which, unfortunately, have modern shop fronts below and late sashes above—may well date from quite a decade later, although certainly earlier than the house at the open end of the street, which was illustrated last week. That is typical of a large number to be found everywhere about Shrewsbury, alike in the old streets, and on the newer ground along the line of the town walls which ceased having a serious defensive purpose before the seventeenth century closed, although we hear that on the occasion of the Jacobite rising in 1715 “new gates were made about the walls” among other precautionary measures, the lead being taken by Lord Newport, grandson to the second lord who, in 1660, had been given a commanding position in Shrewsbury by the restored Stuart and had built himself a house there on the edge of the eastern slope towards the river. The house, somewhat modernised, yet remains, and its ample staircase (Fig. 7) is typical of Charles II’s time. It is of about the same date as those at Longnor Hall, a few miles south of Shrewsbury, and at Powis Castle over the Montgomeryshire border, but it is much simpler than these. There is no inlay of the treads or carving of either string or balusters, but these are of the stout Charles II type and have the spiral twist that is found in the finer contemporary staircases at Wolseley Hall and at Drayton. A solid panelled newel post was then customary, but here, between the square base and top, we get a cluster of four balusters. Under Anne and the early Georges the balusters became more numerous—two or even three to the tread—but much slenderer, supporting a much lighter handrail and having an enlarged example of themselves as a newel post. There are many such staircases in Shrewsbury, one of the best (Fig. 6) being in the most prominent of the houses set on the line of the south town wall, where the slope to the river is less abrupt than on the east and west sides, and there is a broad flat before the bank is reached (Fig. 4). Yet even here the fall is rapid and the house, with its three-storeyed bays, stands high above a terraced garden, the pedimented garden door giving on to three levels divided by stone steps (Fig. 5). The north elevation, separated from the street (Belmont) by a little forecourt, is flat, the same form of doorway flanked by narrow lights occupying the centre space below two of the six windows of the upper floors. A broad hall runs through the house, wainscoted in great oak panels, and the room to the right of it as you enter from the garden is similarly fitted. Now used as Judge’s Lodgings, it was built by Jonathan Scott, whose uncle of the same name had been Mayor in 1689. The date of erection is given as 1701, but it was still called “Mr. Scott’s new house” when an Owen of Conover died in it in 1732. Four years later it seems to have been leased to Borlase and Eleanor Wingfield, whose initials

and the date 1736 appear on one of two large and well enriched lead cisterns standing on the terrace, the other having the initials of their son and the date 1736. Such cisterns are found on the premises of many of the Georgian houses and, together with lead rain-water heads, were a local production, the Shrewsbury founders not only supplying the town, but the country houses near, the exceptionally fine ones at Conover, Cound and Buntingsdale having been illustrated and described in COUNTRY LIFE. They were used in the town in James I’s reign, that



6.—THE HALL AND STAIRCASE IN No. 6, BELMONT.



Copyright.

7.—THE STAIRCASE IN NEWPORT HOUSE.

"C.L."

and the date 1736 appear on one of two large and well enriched lead cisterns standing on the terrace, the other having the initials of their son and the date 1736. Such cisterns are found on the premises of many of the Georgian houses and, together with lead rain-water heads, were a local production, the Shrewsbury founders not only supplying the town, but the country houses near, the exceptionally fine ones at Conover, Cound and Buntingsdale having been illustrated and described in COUNTRY LIFE. They were used in the town in James I’s reign, that

on Rowley’s house being dated 1618. They were then few and plain, but with the opening of the eighteenth century they became more numerous and ornate, the enrichment not being confined to the head, but appearing on the pipe junctions and straps. One of the handsomest occurs in Princess Street (Fig. 14), where lion and human masks, acanthus leafage and Tudor rose all form part of the decoration, together with the cyphered letters J.G., for one of the Gosnell family who dwelt

and traded here in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Edward Gosnell being a bailiff in Charles II's reign. Excellent, too, are the pair of rain-water heads which, with their square enriched pipes are the complement of the well designed front of a house in Market Square (Fig. 3). Here stood the thirteenth century Shute's place, of which the undercroft is still used as wine cellars as they were when Thomas Wolley, vintner, rebuilt the Market Square elevation in 1730. His initials are on both of the rain-water heads, and below this "17" appears on the one and "30" on the other. In its details the house much resembles the fine brick house built in the Abbey foregate by Thomas Jenkins (Fig. 2). Not only is there close similarity in the coigning and fenestration, but there is the same unusual projection of sections of the parapet over each window. The Jenkinsses were of Charlton Hill, near Shrewsbury, in the seventeenth century and still own it. When the Abbey House was built it stood, with only its own cottages near, amid ample fields, and stretched up to the boundary of the Whitehall estate. Now they retain such measure of ground as gives them much of the air of country places, although they are in the centre of a growing suburb.

A little later in date than the houses just described Swan Hill Court House, so-called because its usual entrance is on its north side in the narrow *cul de sac* opening out of Swan Hill. But towards the south (Fig. 9) the house gives on to an ample sloping garden with iron gates opening on to Town Walls, and on the opposite side of the roadway rises the old tower, illustrated a fortnight ago, which itself dominates the kitchen gardens of this delightful *rus in urbe*. If not built by, it was certainly inhabited by William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. The Lord Newport who had armed the town against the Jacobite rising of 1715, had succeeded his father as third Earl of Bradford in 1723, and eleven years later had died a bachelor. A lunatic brother was the last of the legitimate line, but the third earl left his estates to one John Harrison with remainder to the latter's mother, Ann Smyth. She in due course



8.—THE GARDEN PAVILION OF A HOUSE ON ST. JOHN'S HILL.



Copyright.

9.—SWAN HILL COURT HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Also known as Bath House, it having been inhabited by William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, when first built.

succeeded, and we hear that William Pulteney "acquired the vast estates of the Bradford family by devise under the will of the mistress of Lord Bradford." As Pulteney was likewise the husband of "the rich Miss Gumley of Isleworth" he was a very wealthy man, but miserly. Such, at least, is the character which we get of him from Horace Walpole; but it must be remembered that he was the leader of the Opposition which, after long years of effort, succeeded in ousting Sir Robert Walpole from office in 1742.

Billy, of all Bob's foes
The wittiest in verse and prose,

was a fine classic scholar, a brilliant political writer and an eloquent public speaker. But having driven from office the man he had virulently attacked in and out of Parliament for a decade and more, he refused to take his place. He wanted power without responsibility, but, accepting the Earldom of Bath, he passed into the House of Lords and soon found himself a cypher, his disappointed croakings merely earning him the title of the "aged raven." Yet he continued



10.—AN EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY HOUSE AT COLLEGE HILL.

for a score of years to be a charming and brilliant conversationalist and companion, sought after in Opposition and literary salons. Cockayne tells us that he "amassed £1,200,000 and great estates," his wife sharing his acquisitive and thrifty habits. As owner of the numerous Newport acres and interests in Shropshire he will certainly have wished to take a close and personal share in their administration. There no longer being an adequate country seat, he occupied "Bath House" on Swan Hill, and towards the close of his long life was Lord Lieutenant of the county. A brother and then a female cousin succeeded. The estates eventually came to the Earl of Dorchester who, in 1833, was made Duke of Cleveland. From the last Duke they passed to Lord Barnard, whose son is now selling portions of them, the Swan Hill House becoming the property of Miss Rachael Humphreys, who had previously tenanted it. It is a roomy and dignified Georgian habitation, much presence being given by the wings. There are, within, contemporary details such as mantelpieces,

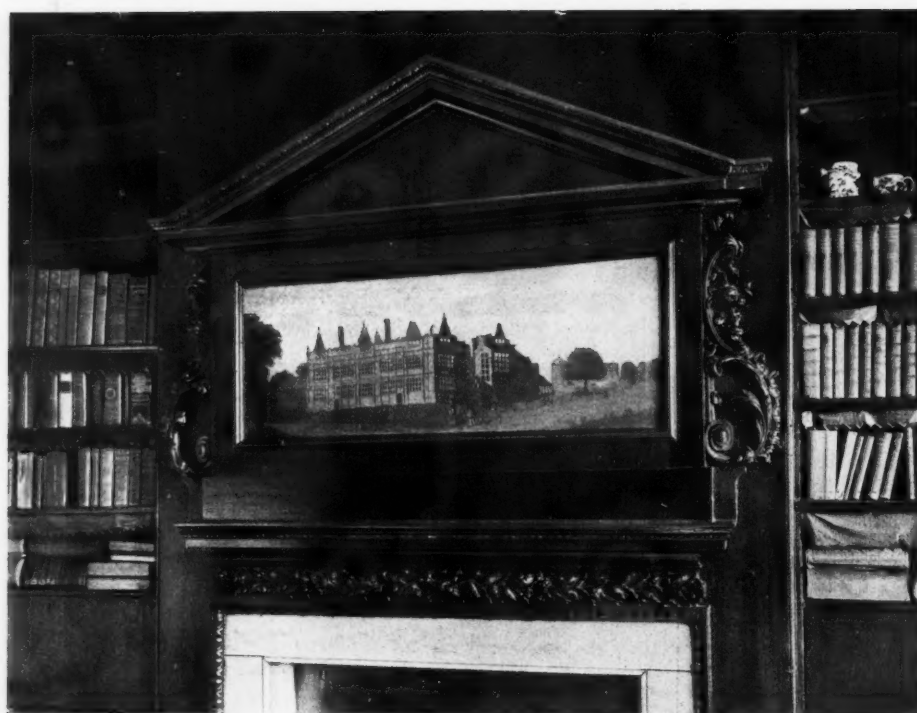


11.—GALLERY OF THE ASSEMBLY ROOM AT THE LION HOTEL.



Copyright. 12.—CHIMNEYPiece OF THE

"C.L."



Copyright.

13.—CHIMNEYPIECE IN SWAN HILL COURT HOUSE.

"C.L."

one of them (Fig. 13) framing a picture of Morton Corbet as it stood, already roofless, in the Earl of Bath's day. Next to Swan Hill is St. John's Hill, where Dr. Phillips, headmaster of the school at the time of his death in 1735, built a house with sufficient garden ground behind it for shrubberies and lawn from which rises a delightful octagon garden room (Fig. 8) reached by a flight of steps. A cadet of the Kynastons of Hardwick, who eventually came into the property, having occupied it later in the century, the St. John's Hill dwelling became known as Hardwick House, but the more important town house of the family lay north of St. Mary's Church, and being "a house commodious in every respect" was acquired for an infirmary and opened for patients in 1747. The present Infirmary occupies the site. The coming of the county families into the town for the winter season to supplement their urban cousins and friends will have given, at that time of the year, additional *éclat* to the assemblies and balls which T. Phillips mentions as of weekly occurrence when he published his "History of Shrewsbury" in 1779, wherein he tells us that, although Sir Henry Sidney's "chamber of concord" at the old Guildhall had been "altered and beautified" in 1741, yet it was soon deemed inadequate for these receptions and that "a larger and more elegant room was lately built at the Lion Inn." That ancient hostel and leading coaching house standing at the top of the Wyle Cop was at the same time given a new brick front, the assembly room stretching right along one side of its yard. Outside, this best example that Shrewsbury has of the style of Robert Adam is disfigured by a modern garage built up against it. Within, there is an aspect of neglect and decay, but the decorative scheme is, fortunately, still intact and should be carefully preserved. At one end is a gallery (Fig. 11) raised on columns, above which the running scroll of the frieze is broken by lions crushing grapes and flanking an urn. The same device, symbolical of the name and purpose of the building, is repeated on a larger scale as the central panel of the chimneypiece (Fig. 12). There is great finish about the woodwork of the dado and of the window architraving, which ends at skirting level with a delicately carved foliated whorl. Between the windows, and depending from the garland that runs round the top of the wall, are very beautiful and elaborate plaster designs filling the whole space and forming the frames of oval mirrors. A much smaller and simpler but cognate plaster drop appears above the chimneypiece, and the thoughtful finish of the whole scheme may be judged by the ribboned baguette which edges the chimney breast. The continuity of really good work, both structural and decorative, illustrative of the changes of habit and taste, is an heirloom that Shrewsbury should value. Even beyond the period of Robert Adam we find examples both worthy and typical. Take the little house (Fig. 10) looking out on to the site of old St. Chad's and exemplifying the closing phase of our Late Renaissance. It is very modest in size and has all the reserve and severity of its style. But its design is thoughtful, its proportions good. It dates from about the time when the two Shrewsbury parsons, Owen and Blakaway, were preparing

the history of the town that they published in 1825, and of which the illustrations showing the street architecture as it was in their day, are a standing reproof to the Victorian builder who, when he was not sordid and mean, seldom escaped showy vulgarity and mechanical ugliness. The plain duty of the present townsmen is to carefully preserve what remains to them of their historic architecture and, where new building is called for, to seek inspiration in a past which, through every succeeding style, maintained a knowledge and feeling for form and proportion, material and craftsmanship.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



14.—RAIN-WATER HEAD AT NO. 3, PRINCESS STREET.

The initials are those of one of the Gosnell family, who dwelt and traded in Princess Street in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

THE WILDFOWLER

THE art of wildfowling or of the wildfowler is, indeed, an art, and an art only learnt by many years of practical experience and hard work, of weary vigils and endless patience, the two great essentials for a fowler being an iron constitution and an observant mind, the sport being so fascinating that it is hard to relinquish it when once taken up. When a mighty gale is raging or a heavy snowstorm blotting out the landscape, when most people are in the house huddled over fires, or at night, with the thermometer many degrees below zero, when these good people are tucked up in bed under innumerable blankets, at these times the fowler is out of doors under the leaden sky or beneath the twinkling stars, as the case may be, seeing Nature in all her many moods; at one time peaceful as a sleeping child, at another roaring like a giant in his wrath, and churning the heaving ocean into mighty avalanches of roaring surf and tumbling breakers. Through the flying scud and the stinging spray he goes, when the wild nor-easter, rushing down from the Polar regions, lashes the surface of the ever-changing sea into white-crested breakers of snowy foam: into the blinding blizzard sweeping down from the unknown regions of eternal ice. Treacherous icefields or frozen ooze, covered from head to foot with gleaming crystals of hoar frost, the star-spangled firmament above and the ice-bound earth beneath, he goes in the dead silence of a sleeping world, broken now and again by the weird cry of some bird of night, under the shimmering moonlight, alone with Nature and her Creator. How little do we know of the beauty of the night? The gorgeous sunsets, the silvery moonlight, the gray of the dawn and the birth of day are unseen and unknown to most of us. The glorious sun, coming up over the edge of the sleeping world, dispelling the night mists and wakening all Nature into life to pour forth a hymn of thankfulness and praise to its Lord, the Great Creator of the light; the restless, ever-changing sea in its happy mood with the wavelets dancing in the moonlight, or in its sterner mood, when the breakers dash and the surf thunders on the shore, are also unseen to most of us in the hours of night. The evening flight, when the fowl go inland, down the long grey reaches of the ebbing day; or the morning flight when they return through the rosy pathways of the dewy dawn—how many of us see such sights? The whistle of pinions, the flash of powder, the thud of heavy-falling fowl as they come tumbling to earth, are excitements also known to few. How many have yet to hear the thrilling clang of geese in the winter's sky, and how few, even among wildfowlers themselves,

can recognise the different species by their call-notes, as they wing their way overhead in the frosty air? The beautiful flute-like call of the greylag, the harsher monosyllabic cry of the bean, the cackling clank of the pink-foot, the laughing clank-a-lank of the white-fronted, the music of the brant, like the thrilling bay of hounds in full cry, and, last of all, the awe

inspiring calls of the hell-hounds, the barnacle geese—all these can be recognised by an expert, and by an expert alone. Once heard, the music of a pack of wild geese can never be forgotten. The crash of voices and the deafening roar of many beating pinions as a pack of several thousand geese takes wing are never-to-be-forgotten sounds and scenes.

H. W. ROBINSON.

CHINESE WATERFOLK and THEIR SHIPS

By F. WESTON.



F. and M. Weston.

TAI-O, A CHINESE PILE VILLAGE ON LANTAU ISLAND.

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CHINA, with its immense coastline and the huge waterways of its rivers, naturally has a large population of waterfolk. Some of these dwell in villages or towns, but vast numbers have no other habitations than their boats. These are of all sizes and varieties, from the small open sampan to the stately sea-going junk. They swarm upon the rivers and around the coast, while at the seaboard towns they crowd together in thousands. It has been said that there are more boats in China than in all the rest of the world put together.

At one time the Chinese were very enterprising in seeking foreign lands across the sea. They invented the compass, which they are said to have used for over eight hundred years, and by its help, according to Marco Polo and other old-time travellers, they ventured after trade as far afield as India, the Persian Gulf, and even the southern parts of Africa. Some of the junks of those times had as many as ten or twelve sails, but nowadays the largest junks seldom have more than three or four, for the long voyages to distant shores are a thing of the past. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and the advent of the steam-propelled craft of the Westerner

has driven the clumsy Chinese vessels to limit their trips to coastwise traffic between ports. Clumsy as they are, however, the junks are very picturesque, with their masts raking forward instead of aft, their high poops and low bows. Many have great eyes painted on the prow, for "s'pose no gottee eye, how can see?" A junk is often like a small village, with pigs, chickens and cats on board, as well as a crowd of humanity, and a large cargo of goods. In the case of a sampan the whole family will live under a small hood over the stern, all their worldly possessions being kept beneath the bottom boards.

Many of the larger junks carry small cannon to repel pirates, primitive guns which look as though they had been stolen from some Elizabethan ship—carronades and swivels with wooden stocks, culverins and demi-cannon. Pirates are still the scourge of Chinese waters, and a week seldom passes without a reference in the Hong Kong papers to craft pillaged by these desperadoes in the vicinity of the island. They swarm on the Canton and West Rivers, little being done to check them, and their hard-working and peace-loving compatriots toiling on the waters and banks of the rivers have every reason to rue their existence. A Hong Kong sportsman



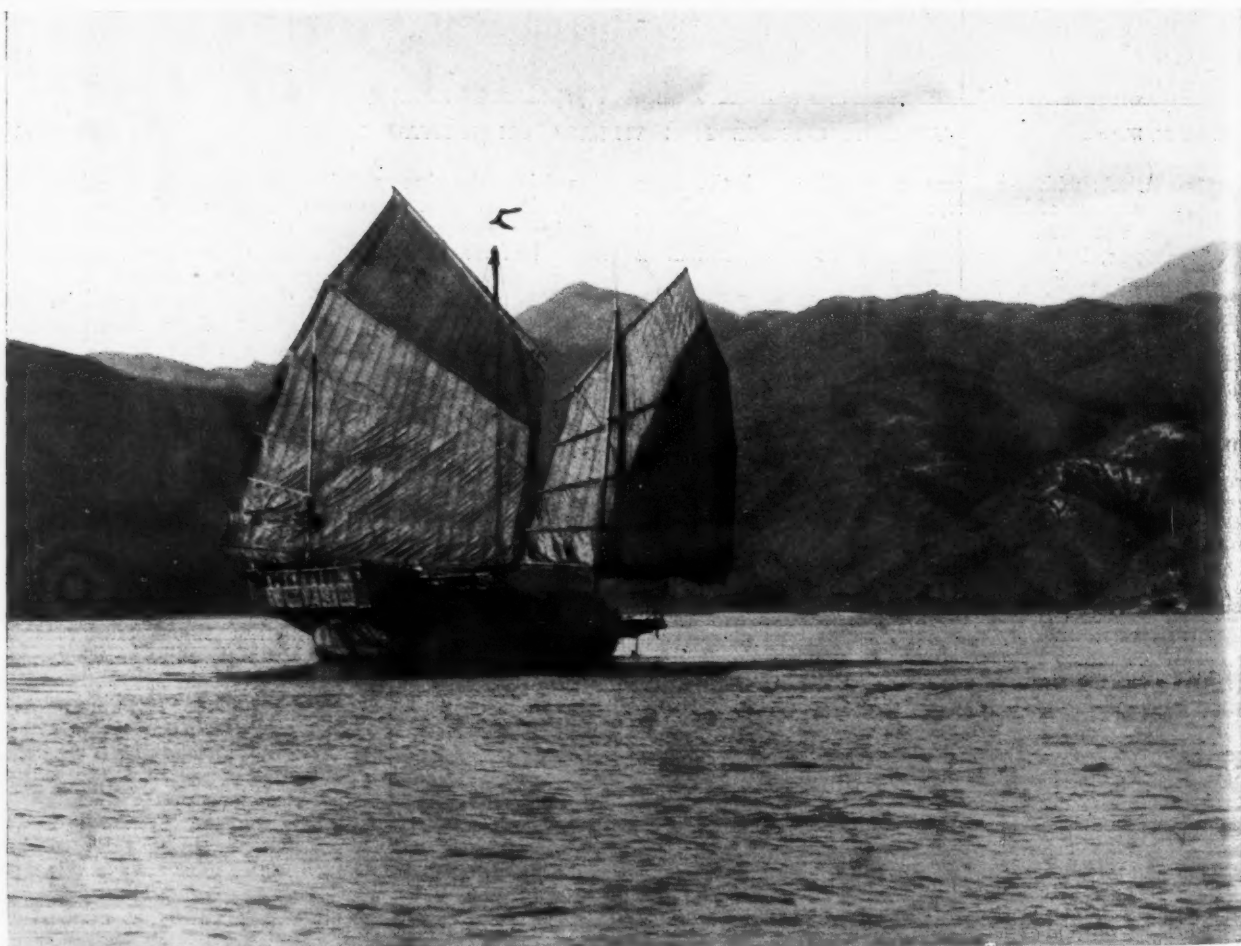
F. and M. Weston.

A SAMPAN AND ITS FAMILY.

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*F. and M. Weston.*

SUNSET, HONG KONG HARBOUR.

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SUMMER SEAS.

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who journeyed up the West River in the early part of 1918 found crops completely destroyed, oranges hanging on the trees decaying for the want of picking, and villages empty, the villagers having been driven from their homes by pirate gangs. Perhaps with the return of British gunboats which have been absent during the War matters will improve.

Most Chinese villages, even those of the fisherfolk, have their houses closely huddled within a wall or clinging together in a cultivated patch of land, but there is a unique little town on the western end of Lantau Island, close to Hong Kong. This town is Tai-o, which stands boldly in the water on piles, facing the broad estuary of the Canton River. The inhabitants take double toll of the sea—fish, as do all the dwellers on the coast, and salt. Behind the quaint dwellings lie the brine pans in which is made a coarse, dirty salt, but valuable nevertheless, for the Chinese frontier is quite close, beyond which the salt tax is very heavy. Now, according to British law, all traders in the Colony have to be registered, so a large proportion of the inhabitants candidly register themselves as salt smugglers by trade.

Many junks have a long slender pole with a knob at the top rising from one of the masts. This is a relic of bygone

importance, for formerly sailors were eligible to sit in the State examinations, and consequently to receive official appointments. In the event of the success of a member of the clan an ornamental pole bearing the representation of a mandarin's button was fitted to one of the masts of the family junk. Since the Ching dynasty, however, certain classes, such as actors, barbers and sailors, have not been allowed to sit at the examinations by which mandarin rank has been obtained. Nevertheless, the old badge, although now meaningless, is still borne as an ornament, and possibly in memory of the days when the calling of a sailor was of more account, and some member of the family became a mandarin.

In common with their fellows the world over, the Chinese waterfolk are very superstitious. Those who go down to the sea in ships, especially such small ones as junks and sampans, live closer to the forces of nature, and are more at their mercy than dwellers on shore. They experience frequent manifestations of mighty winds and seas, when the turmoil seems full of shrieking devils seeking their destruction. Hands drag at them from the waves and terrible buffets come from the air. To be caught in a typhoon means almost certain death. The waterfolk, therefore, strive before all else to defeat the malignancy



F. and M. Weston.

OFF HONG KONG.

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of those spirits that direct the winds and storms. They often launch a paper junk in the hope that devils who may have come on board, seeing a nice new ship ready for them, will at once enter it; or if devils are making attacks from outside, it is hoped that they will wreak their spite upon the substitute, or take possession of it, allowing the real vessel to go unscathed. When eating a fish whole the waterfolk never turn it over, but after having eaten one side, pick the flesh of the other through the bones with their chop-sticks, for, if they turned the fish over, then would the boat turn turtle likewise. Also, if they come across a corpse in the water they do not call it by its proper name, as it is a word of bad omen, but say, "there's a salt fish," and they are reluctant to save a drowning man for fear that the water fiend should afterwards try to capture them instead.

Apart from pirates, typhoons are the great danger of Chinese waters, and against them the poor toiler of the sea has nothing to protect him except his own instinct and seamanship, and such influence as he is able to bring to bear

upon the unseen powers by means of magic and propitiation. At Hong Kong, however, science has stepped in. Most typhoons form in the neighbourhood of the Philippines and sweep northwards. By means, therefore, of the submarine telegraph and wireless messages from ships the position and direction of these terrible cyclonic storms can be learnt. When one is approaching the colony, but is more than 300 miles away, red signals are hoisted at certain spots, and black signals when it is within 300 miles. All Chinese craft, great and small, then flock to the shelter of the typhoon breakwaters, where they lie packed like sardines until the danger is past. So much are these signals relied upon that if, for any reason, the usual warning is not received, as in the case of the great typhoon of 1906, the results are most disastrous. On that occasion, with gods neglected for western science, and consequently careless of the welfare of their children, devils unpropitiated, and instincts lulled to sleep by a false sense of security, the water population was caught unawares, and over ten thousand perished in the harbour and the neighbouring waters.

IN THE CITY OF ELEUSIS

ELEUSIS is no longer in Athens, but in London, and its name has been changed to Carmelite House. Mr. Kennedy Jones is the burly guide who has undertaken to initiate the general public into its mysteries. He is a high priest of that particular mystery which he calls "The New Journalism," and it is certainly a phenomenon well worthy of careful consideration. Naturally, one who belongs to the new order has little praise to bestow on the old. Moreover, he has a curious wizardry of his own by which he transforms the voice that blames into the voice that blesses. As an example, the late Lord Morley described the new *Daily Mail* as "written by office boys for office boys." He spoke in contempt, but Mr. Kennedy Jones glories in the phrase, and, moreover, he shows good reasons for doing so. "Where are the roses of yesteryear?" asked the poet in a fine burst of sentiment. "Where are the office boys of twenty-five years ago?" asks Mr. Kennedy Jones with hard common-sense. And the reply is triumphant. He confesses that his favourite offspring was indeed imbued with the irrepressible spirit of an office boy.

Neither the cobwebs nor the dust of years awed it; it swept away the one and drew rude pictures in the other; and though it began life as an office boy it was determined to end it as a partner in the old firm.

And then he comes in with the telling retort:

We have only to regard the leading figures in the political world to-day to recognise that the majority of them twenty or twenty-five years ago were also office boys.

It is impossible not to cry "well hit." If Mr. Kennedy Jones had not been capable of such counter-thrusts he would not have been where he is. But he takes almost equal delight in having had the reputation of being a hard man.

I had the reputation in Fleet Street of being a hard man. After I was convalescent from a severe internal operation a few years ago, I met a friendly journalist who had been with me in the early days of the *Daily Mail*. Following the usual condolences on my health, he said:

"But directly I saw you were to be cut open, I knew it would be all right, for there couldn't be complications in your case, seeing you never had any bowels."

The obvious comment upon this is that the author cannot be so bad as he paints himself, or he would not have had frankness enough to tell the story. Our experience is that the harder the heart the more sentimental becomes the tongue. That is not to say that there is any particular softness in Mr. Kennedy Jones. There could be in any man whose success had for its mainspring the transformation he effected. In spite of the contumely he pours on the age preceding that of the *Daily Mail*, he has to admit, tacitly at least, that there were great journals and great journalists before his day. He says himself that Lord Morley turned newspaper writing into a profession. That is giving Lord Morley a greater share of credit than he deserves. He followed a more perfect journalist than himself as Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the person of Frederick Greenwood, who absolutely and completely fulfilled the Thackerayan description of it as "a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen." Mudford of the *Standard*, Cook of the *Saturday Review* who had won his spurs on the *Morning Herald*, and Delane of the *Times* could hold their own with any of their successors. At any rate, they had a bigger ideal than that which finds expression in this book, which is animated by the

spirit of pure commerce. A journalist without bowels naturally thinks first of turning the honest penny.

The great occurrences in life, especially deaths and burials, have a sweet savour in his mouth. Says the author:

A State Funeral sells more papers than anything else. The public takes a livelier interest in funerals than in weddings. This may be called morbid, but in any English village you will find the same preference. Other things being equal, a funeral will always crowd a village street more quickly than anything else.

Of the mysteries revealed in this book the most interesting is the narration of the process by which the *Times* passed from the hands of its previous owners into those that hold it now. At first Mr. Pearson, now Sir Arthur Pearson, had very nearly secured it, and it was said that Lord Northcliffe had in some way managed to oust him from that position. Mr. Kennedy Jones puts that rumour to rest. It was he who did it. "How We Bought The *Times*" is a little drama with its first act laid in the Savoy Hotel. Mr. Hooper of Messrs. Hooper and Jackson was sitting at a table when enters Mr. Kennedy Jones, who remarked casually, "I see from the papers that you are going to have a new proprietor at the *Times*." To which the American retorted, "I guess that even in this country a man cannot sell property which does not belong to him." He referred to the numerous little freehold properties which Sir Walter had created by granting perpetual annuities on "the profits, gains and emoluments of the *Times* newspaper so long as it shall continue to be published." Thus the *Times* was in the position of a common which cannot be sold without the consent of all those who have rights in it. Mr. Kennedy Jones got into communication with Mr. Moberly Bell, who was then the Business Manager of the *Times*, and so the plot thickened. Brain waves began to tumble promiscuously in the mind of Mr. Kennedy Jones, vast ambitions, vast projects floating on their crests. What was needed, he recognised, was a John Walter and a Delane. He felt himself man enough for the former post but not for the second. He had the bright idea of asking Lord Curzon of Kedleston to be Editor, but after discussion the offer was declined. Then Kennedy Jones telegraphed to Lord Northcliffe, who expressed a fear that if he decided to go into the deal "an unseemly wrangle between two yellow journalists for the possession would be more than the old thing could stand." However, he gave his consent, and Printing House Square became an annex to Carmelite House.

As a human document this book is of very great interest, but one weakness is very conspicuous and important. Mr. Kennedy Jones concludes one of his chapters with the jovial remark that "editorially there is no more heartbreaking job in the long day's work than to have on the staff a writer of genius." It is no unfair or untrue comment on that to say that it never precluded the author nor, as far as we can see, any of his colleagues from making every possible use they could of genius, but they never discovered, never fostered it. Genius has not hitherto proved to be discoverable by a "missing word" competition, and when discovered by other methods, and induced to work in harness, it has ceased to be genius. That goes a great deal farther than mere criticism of this publication. It means that all who act in that way are exerting their influence to stifle the spirit and exalt the materialism of the human race.

The book is readable chiefly because of its vigorous common-sense applied equally to Fleet Street and Downing Street. The author puts some of his theories into practice

when he dedicates "Fleet Street and Downing Street" (Hutchinson) to Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Lloyd George, while, at the same time, in the text he freely criticises both. Mr. Kennedy Jones may have been a hero-worshipper in his lusty youth, but a touch of cynicism marks his latter years.

THE NEW SCOTTISH POETS.

AS far as can be gathered from reading "A St. Andrews Treasury of Scottish Verse," made by Mrs. Lawson, with the help of her husband, Professor Lawson, and published by A. and C. Black, its aim is to show the origin and development of the new movement in Scottish poetry. That hypothesis accounts for the sparing extracts from Barbour, Henryson, Dunbar, Alexander Scott, Alexander Montgomerie and the other early makers. Incidentally it should remove the astonishment of the *Times* reviewer that only one incomplete poem of Dunbar is given and six from Miss (sic) Violet Jacob. Dunbar is the spiritual ancestor of those poets of whom Burns was the consummate master, and Mrs. Jacob is a distinguished living descendant of Scotland's unique succession of women poets. This is the pedigree of those who are now in possession of the "Harp of the North."

A DIPLOMA OF GENIUS.

The aforesaid reviewer plausibly complains that Dunbar's "Lament for the Makaris" is left out and only a single mutilated poem of his inserted. But he has failed to notice that "The Meditation in Wyntir," written "when he was seik," is in the same key as "Timor Mortis Conturbat Me." No poet other than Shakespeare, in "Fear no more the heat of the sun," has described the pathos of man's brief existence in language so exquisite and so homely.

Dunbar speaks for the human race when in "their dirk and drublie lays" he is sleepless and assailed by Shapes that have ever been to man, *atra cura post equitem*, Despair, Patience, Prudence, Age and Death. Why, asks Prudence, try to hold what will away? You are travelling to another place, the journey going on every day. Death throws open its gates with a stern reminder that he cannot escape them.

Albeid that thow wer never sa stout
Under this lyntall sal thow lowt
There is nane other way besyd.

So *timor mortis conturbat me* not only when one maker after another is beckoned away, but when the poet looks back, as Burns did, to time missspent and forward to a wretched ending.

For feir of this all day I drowp
No gold in kist, nor wine in cowl
No ladeis bewtie, nor luiffes blis
May lat me to remember this,
How glaid that ever I dyne or sowp.

This is the great accent, simple and primitive, and it admits Dunbar to the baker's dozen or so of supreme poets that civilisation has produced in three thousand years. It places him at least in the lineage of Homer, Dante and Shakespeare.

THE NAMELESS BALLAD-MAKERS.

It is strange that in Scottish poetry we have to look for the equal of lines like these among the work of the nameless minstrels to whom we owe the Ballads. There is an excellent selection in the Anthology which almost coincides with the choice made by Tennyson for "The Golden Treasury." One is added that he omitted, "The Border Widow." Is there anything in literature more poignant than—

But think na ye my heart was sair
When I laid the mool on his yellow hair
But think na ye my heart was wae
When I turned aboot away to gae.

In the cry of the betrayed maid, the anguish is still more piercing:—

Martim's wind when will ye blaw
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death when will thou come
For of my life I am wearie.

THE SUCCESSION OF SCOTTISH WOMEN POETS.

The harp was never allowed to moulder long on "the wych elm by lone Glenfillan's spring." It was played with effect by Lady Grizell Baillie, with what Scott and Burns both thought the most touching poem in the language, "Were na my heart licht I wad dee." There were Alison Rutherford and Jean Eliot, who each in her own way raised a plaintive lament for those who fell at Flodden, "The Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away." And there was Lady Nairne with her love and laughter, her "Land o' the Leal" and her "Call'er Herrin'," and "The Laird o' Cockpen," her "Auld Hoose," and "The Hundred Pipers an' a' an' a'," with many more. They kept the torch burning and it was the distinguishing feature of all these women that they held firm and fast to nature. They brought forth none of that poetry in the air which is the characteristic of English verse at the present time, as it always has been after a great period. Between the time of one great poet, or group of poets, and the coming of another, there has always been an interval during which men of talent and poetic gifts instead of holding to nature in the old way began chasing butterflies to which they gave a great many names, of which Beauty was the chief.

THE MALE SUCCESSION.

The anthology is not at all gloomy. Attention is not confined to the grave and solemn thoughts which the ephemeral character of life and the inevitability of death suggest. There is fortunately gaiety as well as meditation, and there is patriotism. The anthologists, quotes a little bit of Scott's "Marmion." It was possibly chosen because of the scenery which comes in with the picture of "mine own romantic town," the shores of Fife, Preston Bay, Berwick Law. But the crowning glory of the piece is the outburst of patriotic feeling by the squire—

As if to give his rapture vent
The spur he to his charger lent
And making demi-volts in air
Cried "Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"

That splendid *joie de vivre* and devotion to Scotland found its full and perfect expression in the poetry of Robert Burns. Who would dare to describe his inimitable songs after Tennyson has done so? What aspect of the furrowed field or the simple love of rural swains has he not caught? And of all poets, ancient and modern, none, not even Catullus, has written a passage of love more passionate and wistful than—

Had we never loved sae blindly,
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Never met and never parted
We had ne'er been broken hearted.

BURNS AND THE LAUREATE.

To digress for a moment, it has always been to me incomprehensible that Robert Bridges found in Burns nothing for "His Spirit of Man" except the copybook maxim—

Who does the utmost that they can
Will whiles do mair.

Greek, Latin, French he ransacked. He plucked the best out of many old authors and introduced some doubtful new men, but he found nothing in Dunbar and only this miserable scrap from Burns. At the other side of Styx how will he be able to meet the questioning eyes of Tennyson and Wordsworth? or of him who in his "Lost Leader" could think of no stronger support than—

Burns, Shelley are with us
They look from their graves.

How will he answer Carlyle? That Burns contributed nothing to the spirit of man? Surely not.

THE INDOLENT IRRESPONSIBLE REVIEWER.

The Laureate sinned against the light, but he must have done so deliberately and for reasons satisfactory to his own mind. The indolent reviewer stumbles in the footsteps of his leader without troubling to look either to right or to left. The stirring in the world of Scottish poetry is nothing whatever to him. Apparently he made his comment without consulting the text. The central figure in the movement is Charles Murray, who spends most of his time in South Africa, and has won great popularity in London as well as his native Aberdeen with "Hamewith." The strongest objection that can be brought against his writing is that he is too broadly Aberdonian. Yet the critic describes him as "the poet laureate of St. Andrews' student life." Anyone will gather what has happened by reading a note at the end of the volume about R. F. Murray who died in 1893. It is to the effect that "R. F. Murray was a passionate St. Andrian, the poet of St. Andrews and of its University life, and the best beloved by its students of all their poets." Mistakes will happen, of course, but the absence of any reference to "The Whistle," "The Deil and the Deevillock," or any other of Charles Murray's poems, leaves it pretty certain that this commentator does not know anything about them and did not trouble to read the book. Had he done so we are sure he would have agreed that Charles Murray is a true poet and that it is well worth the trouble of trying to understand his Aberdonian dialect for the sake of the fun and vitality and the truth to nature which make him spiritually kin to Burns and Dunbar. As to Mrs. Jacob nothing need be said here except that, as far as one knows, there is no writer of this day, and very few of the past, whose verses are coned over and over again till they can be repeated by heart as her's are by a very diverse concourse of admirers.

Her "The Last of the Tinkler" should be read with Mr. Murray's "The Tinkler," to show how a difference of treatment may arise between two writers, each of them individual and original, though vastly differing in temperament.

Legend, by Clemence Dane. (Heinemann, 6s.)

A POST-MORTEM analysis of character conducted by a small circle of literary people, to whom the news of the death of a one-time member of their group is abruptly told by the man who, of them all, loved her best—this is *Legend*. The novelist who takes such a theme—a two hours' conversation about a woman lately dead—and by it marks out the boundaries of her book, is setting herself a difficult task. Miss Dane puts her story into the mouth of a stranger, and that stranger a young and unsophisticated girl, present, as it were by accident, at the dissection of the character of Madala Grey; and having so arranged every possible obstacle in her own path, surmounts them all with such expert ease that you must pause and think to discover that there were any difficulties after all. *Legend* is extremely clever. It is much that through this cold-blooded dissection of her heart and brain the character of Madala Grey gradually shines in all its loveliness as a landscape in autumn gleams through the morning mists. Yet this has not been enough to satisfy the author. Each one of those who talk talks himself or herself into clearer and clearer embodiment, so that before the end we know them all—Anita, with her lust for fame, her cruel jealousy, her long, long scheming; "the Baxter girl," crude, foolish, yet able to admire, able to accept a benefit without hating her benefactor; Kent Rehan, confused, self-absorbed, great-hearted, foolishly forlorn like a hurt child; Lila Howe, the "fat pink pæony," easily kind, a contrast in her simplicity to Anita's heartless exploitation and the little bestiality of Jasper Flood. Yet to try to sum them up so in a few words is to belittle what Miss Dane has done. The "Grey set," as the Baxter girl calls them, are very nearly life-size, as difficult to define with a hard and fast description and absolute truth as are the people you meet in everyday life. And having breathed life into these people, not merely labelled them, and set them talking, Miss Dane carries her magic a stage further. Out of their talk—with its countless contradictions—you, reading, come gradually, as did Jenny Summers, who tells the tale, by listening, to see Madala Grey herself in all the beauty of a wise and loving woman who could look even on the mean egoism of her "set," "with amusement and that tolerant, deep affection that one keeps for certain dearest, foolish friends." There is a very little plot and very little action in *Legend*, yet it is a rare book—one of the few of which a reviewer may say with truth that to have read it once is to wish immediately to read it again.

P. A. G.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S SALES

THE first section of the 600 lots comprised in the 14,500 acres of the Duke of Rutland's Derbyshire estates was sold at Chesterfield on Thursday last, and the remaining section will come under the hammer at Bakewell on Monday next and the four following days. The Derbyshire properties are being sold by Messrs. Thurgood and Martin.

The Belvoir properties, which were entrusted to Messrs. Escritt and Barrell for sale, realised a total of £489,780. That sum includes £180,000 in respect of transactions in private negotiation. All the holders of the larger lots had an option of purchasing privately, and they availed themselves of it very generally. Some, who neglected to take advantage of the opportunity, afterwards decided to buy at auction and it is stated that the prices so paid were much in excess of what they could have bought their holdings for in the preliminary negotiations. The total includes also between £10,000 and £11,000 for timber to be taken, in addition to the purchase money of the land, and the following totals, day by day, under the hammer: £89,284, £109,600, £59,550, and, Saturday last, £41,000. Of the two or three lots which failed to reach the reserves all but one have been disposed of.

CANONS FOR SALE PRIVATELY.

SIR ARTHUR DU CROS has directed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to dispose of Canons, near Edgware, by private treaty. A description of this very interesting and historical property of 120 acres appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of October 28th, 1916.

The history of Canons begins, of course, with the first palatial residence, erected in the eighteenth century—"one of the supreme extravagances" of that period—by the first Duke of Chandos. That nobleman made a fortune out of the Army Paymastership under Queen Anne, his accounts showing a deficit of three million sterling. What certain officials—official receivers, not to put too fine a point on it—would now call "extravagance of living, combined with rash and hazardous speculation," *inter alia* in the South Sea ventures of the time, made a large hole in the gains of the first Duke. But his successor in the title was sufficiently well off to conceive the scheme of building a town mansion in Cavendish Square and connecting it by a road, all to be in his own ownership, with the Edgware palace of Canons. Domestic bereavement is said to have shortened his life, and nobody wanted to succeed him as owner of Canons, as it then stood. The house accordingly came under the hammer of the auctioneer and then under that of the house breaker. The materials realised £11,000, and among them were the staircase which was transferred to Chesterfield House, Mayfair, along with the "canonical pillars" which Lord Chesterfield alluded to in that connection.

The destinations of other portions of the structure were recorded at the time, and have been set forth in COUNTRY LIFE (May 16th, 1914) by Mr. Starkie Gardner. Two statues were removed to central London, one of lead, of George I, standing in Leicester Square for some years; and the other of stone, of George II, being re-erected in Golden Square. The great portico was transferred to Wanstead House, in time itself to be demolished, and portions of the original structure were utilised in the erection of Canons as it stands to-day. Major Dennis O'Kelly bought the new house from Hallet, its builder, out of the profits of the famous racehorse Eclipse. In 1806 O'Kelly's nephew sold the property to Sir Thomas Plumer, afterwards Master of the Rolls, and grandfather of Mr. Edward Cutler, K.C. It passed through various hands, until about fifteen years ago it was purchased by the present owner.

DENHAM PLACE, UXBRIDGE.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY have received instructions from Colonel Way, in conjunction with Messrs. Buckland and Sons, to sell the contents of Denham Place. Denham Place is a delightful house of the Late Stuart period. The coloured plasterwork of the cornices, probably the work of Dutch artists, is almost unique in treatment. The Chapel at Denham is also of exceptional interest, with gilt linenfold panelling and

elaborate bench-ends. Among the more important pieces are a pair of fine Adam carved gilt console tables and two exceptionally fine William and Mary mirrors, a William and Mary marqueterie walnut suite, also a set of Stuart chairs in petit point, several suites of Chippendale chairs, a very fine side table carved in satyr mask ornament on cabriole legs and cloven feet, and an Italian cabinet inlaid with tortoiseshell. There are also specimens of old English lacquer-work. The sale will take place on May 10th and 11th.

HOUSES NEAR LONDON.

ST. MARGARET'S, near Ware, the property of Mr. Septimus Croft, is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have also to offer Stanhill Court, in conjunction with Messrs. R. H. and R. W. Clutton. The property is equi-distant from Dorking, Reigate and Horsham.

Berechurch Hall, near Colchester, belonging to Mrs. Hetherington, is to be offered by auction shortly. The estate of about 2,800 acres includes a modern mansion.

ARNISDALE PRIVATELY SOLD.

ARNISDALE, Inverness-shire, extending to 10,000 acres, and belonging to the late Major Valentine Fleming, D.S.O., has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Arnisdale is one of the best sporting estates in Scotland.

The trustees of the Tyssen Amherst estates have decided to sell Foulden, Norfolk, by auction, and have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to act for them. The area is about 1,000 acres, and it is one of the best sporting estates of its size in East Anglia.

LORD RADNOR'S FOLKESTONE LAND.

THE Kent County Council acquired Coombe Farm, Hawkinge, 153 acres, for £4,550, at the auction of Lord Radnor's land near Folkestone. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley disposed of fourteen lots, in all 433 acres, for £12,137, and they obtained £1,435 for Reinden Wood, a well known fox covert.

Down Place, 600 acres, near Guildford, has been sold privately by the Hanover Square firm.

MISCELLANEOUS TRANSACTIONS.

THE old mansion at Cheam known as Cheam Park, with 40 acres, has been disposed of, in private negotiation, through Messrs. Blake, Son and Williams, and Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker report the sale of lots 2, 3 and 6 of the Shipton Bellinger estate, a property of 50 acres, called The Croft, near Andover, which failed to reach the reserve at the recent auction.

A very satisfactory result has attended the offer of 324 acres of grazing land in East Norfolk, on behalf of the Master Fellows and Scholars of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Messrs. Bidwell and Sons got as much as £65 an acre for some of the fields, and a total of £13,650, towards which purchases by Sir Eustace Gurney contributed nearly £5,000. The demand for agricultural land in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire is exceptionally well maintained. Sales recently include a large total by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., and approximately £49,000 by Messrs. Tilley, Culverwell and Parrott. Warwickshire land has also been selling briskly, through Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock.

DATES OF INTERESTING AUCTIONS.

DATES are definitely fixed for the sale of a number of important properties, among them being Godmersham Park, Kent, at Ashford, on May 18th, as a whole or in 53 lots, by order of Lord Masham.

Trellick, nearly 1,500 acres, in the Cornish Riviera, at the mouth of the Fal, three miles from Truro and commanding magnificent views of Pendennis Castle and the Bay, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Collins and Collins, at Truro on April 27th.

Farley Copse, Bracknell, a pleasantly situated estate of 80 acres, will be submitted on April 13th, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, Keffolds, Haslemere, with 27 acres, coming up for sale on the same occasion.

Next Wednesday, Messrs. Constable and Maude will offer Mount Hall, Kingswood,

close to the Walton Heath golf links, a freehold of 30 acres, commanding views of Leith Hill and Hindhead, with Chancetonbury Ring and the South Downs in the distance.

March 25th has been selected by Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Oakden and Co., for the sale of Torfield and about five acres at Eastbourne.

Nearly 2,670 acres of freehold farms on Tweedside, Northumberland, will be dealt with, in five lots, at Berwick-on-Tweed next Saturday by Messrs. Millers. All the holdings are in high cultivation and they are worth consideration from a sporting standpoint for their partridge and low ground shooting.

CAVERSHAM PARK.

THAT very stately mansion, Caversham Park, near Reading, is in the market and will probably be offered for sale during the next month or two by Messrs. Lofts and Warner, in conjunction with Messrs. Simmons and Sons. Few more perfectly proportioned mansions can be found anywhere, and there are 1,800 acres, which include five of the best farms around Reading.

Two interesting estates on the borders of Somerset and Devon are in Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker's hands for disposal in different ways. One is to be let, Oakhampton Manor, near Wiveliscombe, at a rental, including the sporting, of £250 a year; and the other, Springgrove, also near Wiveliscombe, about 430 acres, is for sale for £25,000.

ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS' STAFFS. SALES.

AT Lichfield, Messrs. Winterton and Sons offered for sale, by order of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, about 612 acres of freehold land comprising farms, small holdings accommodation, turf and market garden land in Lichfield and in the parishes of Alrewas, Streethay, Hammerwich and Ogley Hay. The property was offered in 76 lots, and sales, some lots being reserved, amounted to £27,000. Before commencing the sale Mr. H. Winterton announced that 17 lots had been sold privately to tenants, including Austin Cote Farm of 53 acres, which was bought by Mr. G. Burton, jun., and a holding of 33 acres at the Knowle, Lichfield, which was bought by Colonel Swinfen Broun.

5,300 ACRES IN SALOP.

THE Public Trustee has directed Messrs. Hall, Wateridge and Owen to sell the Ratlinghope, Ventnor and Norbury estates, Salop, on Friday and Saturday next at Shrewsbury. The area is about 5,300 acres agricultural land between Bishop's Castle and Shrewsbury.

The Isle of Wight property at Bonchurch, known as Orchard Leigh, has been sold by private treaty, and was therefore not included in Messrs. Robins, Snell and Terry's list at Winchester House this week.

TWO NOTABLE TOWN HOUSES.

THE Adam decorations of Lord Ludlow's house in Portland Place, are particularly noteworthy. The house is for sale, by Messrs. Giddy and Giddy, who are also instructed to dispose of the Duke of Sutherland's town mansion in Portman Square.

DRURY LANE THEATRE FREEHOLD.

AS Drury Lane Theatre has been mentioned in these columns as having been in the market, it is well to mention that Messrs. Edwin Fox, Burnett and Baddeley have now found a buyer for it. They have also sold the ground rent secured on the Waldorf Hotel, and a number of freeholds in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, all part of the Covent Garden estate. It is understood that the purchase money approximates to £300,000, rather over than under that sum. The historic interest of the theatre is such as to justify more than a passing reference, if space permitted. The sale is, of course, simply as an investment, the possibility of any participation in the theatrical interest involved in the house being for all practical purposes negligible. It is the substantial and well-secured income for a long period that has changed hands, with the reversionary rights, which are of considerable and steadily improving value. **ARBITER.**



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CORRESPONDENCE

"THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS" TAPESTRIES AT HAMPTON COURT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to urge your readers not to take seriously the objections raised by certain Members of Parliament to the spending of £3,250 of public money on the acquiring of the long lost piece of tapestry belonging to the set of "The Seven Deadly Sins," purchased by Cardinal Wolsey for the decoration of his palace of Hampton Court, now worth—the whole set—some thirty times the sum just quoted. Nor can it be necessary to reiterate in full the proofs that it belongs to that set, given in detail in COUNTRY LIFE in October, 1910, and again in December, 1919, which proofs apparently do not quite convince everybody even yet. Suffice it to say here that, not only is it exactly similar in size, workmanship and style, and with a similar border, but there is the circumstance that attached to it is a frieze formed of a strip of Henry VIII's arms and badges, identical in every particular with other strips still at Hampton Court, traced in the Commonwealth Inventory, and shown by the records to have been wrought in England for this very purpose for Henry VIII. The fact that the recovered piece, though nearly identical, so far as it goes, with a considerably larger one known to exist elsewhere, is yet complete in itself, and just as it was when Wolsey bought it, can be verified by anyone who should compare it with the photograph of the larger composition which has, within the last few days, been hung by its side in the Great Watching Chamber. The design, it will be seen, has been deliberately

modified on the left side to complete the action at that point. Unfortunately the "Legate's Chamber" itself, where the whole series originally hung, and where Wolsey entertained King Henry and Catherine of Aragon and the French Ambassadors in May, 1527, when the "Treaty of Hampton Court" was being negotiated, has long since been demolished; though the rooms to which Wolsey retired with the French delegates after the banquet to discuss the details of the alliance with France are still extant, with their wonderful ceilings, their old oak panelling, and their recently discovered doorways and fireplaces, remaining much as they were in 1527—rooms scarcely to be surpassed by any others in England for historic interest. The full set of the "Deadly Seven"—to use Shakespeare's expression in "Measure for Measure," produced in London soon after his stay at Hampton Court during the Christmas holidays of 1603-4—must have been seen by him then hanging on the walls of the palace. As to this, I hope it may not seem too irrelevant to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE to add that, partly on this ground, the charming Garden Palisade in that wonderful piece, pronounced by William Morris to be the most beautiful single piece of all the tapestries in the world, lately cleaned and marvellously restored and hanging once more in the Great Watching Chamber, where the rehearsals of Shakespeare's company took place, is being copied for the "curious knotted garden," now in process of being laid out on the exact original site of the poet's own at New Place.—ERNEST LAW.

EARLY WILD FLOWERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The unusual mildness of the weather made the opening of the Wild Flower Society's season on March 1st a day of special interest. For the past thirteen years I have noted down every tree and plant to be found in flower on that day. The date has been selected as it forms a good average, allowing for the fact that in the colder north flowers are generally a fortnight later than in the south. In the course of my day's journey forty-five different species were noted—trees, ferns and plants. The route taken was by Addlestone, Ottershaw, Byfleet, Wisley to Ripley; returning through Pyrford and Byfleet to Weybridge. The trees noticed were the black poplar (whose purple catkins are a remarkable sight this year), alder, hazel, elm, wych-elm, yew, box and sallow. The ferns found were polypody, black spleenwort, hard fern and wall-rue. When the *sori* are visible on the fronds, ferns are in bloom, though apparently faded. The flowers on my list number thirty-four, the most uncommon being climbing corydalis and the so-called butcher's-broom (*Ruscus aculeatus*) and the tiny water-blinks (*Montia fontana*) and moscatel. All three dead nettles and the small stinging nettle were found, as well as three veronicas—the ivy-leaved, the field and Buxbaum's, which resembles *V. agrestis*, but is larger. The cruciferous plants included shepherd's purse, thale cress, hairy bittercress and whitlow grass; the composite flowers seen were the daisy, dandelion, groundsel, scentless mayweed and coltsfoot. The only buttercup on my list is celandine, for we did not see any blossoms on the marsh

marigold. Both the pretty spurge and the sunspurge were out, also mistletoe, chickweed, mouse-ear chickweed, gorse, violet, the strawberry-leaved potentilla, the field woodrush and the common wayside grass. The large as well as the small periwinkle close the list. Although snowdrops and primroses are to be found, we did not come across them. Many of these forty-five plants have been in bloom for some weeks. Having regard to the early date, the result of our search within a three mile area seems worth recording.—E. M. HARTING.

HORSE POWER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The building illustrated in your issue of March 6th was quite a feature of most Sussex homesteads before the travelling steam thrasher became general. It was commonly known as the "Horse House," and was generally built of timber with a thatched roof. Some had fixed horse gears such as you show in the picture, others housed a portable horse gear. These latter were of two types, the under gear and the over gear. In the former the horses had to step over the bar which conveyed the power to the threshing machine or chaff cutter in the barn. There was a little railed-in platform over the upright shaft, upon which stood a small boy to keep the horses moving. In the over gear the four horses walked under the bar and the threshing machine was hauled up at the back when travelling. This was the favourite machine in this district, as it was thought to run lighter than the under gear. Sometimes the horses ran away (of course travelling round in a circle all the time), when the din could be heard for a couple of miles. They seldom stopped until all the four arms by which they pulled broke off. As the old mill and wheelwrights retired or died, great difficulty was experienced in getting these machines repaired, and they are rarely seen nowadays.—HAROLD W. DREWITT.

SAXIFRAGA STRACHEYI.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—"N. C.," writing in COUNTRY LIFE of February 28th, advocates growing *Saxifraga Stracheyi* in pots. This is a good way, and so is that of planting flowering crowns in a cold frame. I have been very successful with this method, and have obtained longer stalks than are usual in a pot-grown plant, for frame culture tends to produce lengthened stalks, which is an advantage when the blossoms are gathered for the house. I have also put bell glasses over plants growing in the open border, thus giving the necessary protection to the blossoms from cold and damp and guarantee the flowers from the vagaries of our spring weather. *S. Nilesii* and *S. ciliata* may with advantage be treated in the same way.—E. WILLMOTT.

A SHEEP ATTACKING A CAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope this little incident may interest you. Idly leaning over a stone wall gazing at the sea below me, I was aroused from my reverie by hearing a cat spitting with fear and rage. I looked beneath me, but could only see some sheep grazing on the narrow piece of turf between wall and rocks. Then I saw one standing, with its ears well up, with a look of alertness one does not expect to see in a sheep. Suddenly a black half-Persian cat darted to the wall, with its back against it, it crouched as if hypnotised with fear. The sheep came and stood in front, gazing at it. Putting down its head, it butted at the cat, but in a second it struck out at the sheep, and commenced spitting and making a peculiar growling kind of noise. The sheep did not like this, but backed a little, still gazing at the black apparition. The cat made a movement; with bent head the sheep again made for it, but Pussy was too quick, and again struck out at it. After being repulsed the sheep stepped back, still gazing at its enemy. Neither moved for a few seconds. I was so interested I did not interfere, because I wanted to see how it would end, never having seen a sheep act on its own initiative. Of course, I would not have let it hurt the cat. After an interval it again made a move and with bent head came for the cat; this time it received a good blow across its nose, which probably scratched it, for it jumped to one side. In a second the cat had sprung over the sheep's head and disappeared down the rocks in a marvellous manner, as they were almost perpendicular, and I did not see it gain. The sheep was very nonplussed: he went to the edge and looked over then all around him, came back to the place where the cat had been, browsed a little, then went back to the edge and looked over. I left him standing there. The cat was evidently terrorised, for it could easily have got away at first. I did not see the beginning of the adventure, so do not know who was the aggressor, but when I first saw them the cat was mad with fear and rage. However, it was none the worse, for I met it a few days after, looking very fit and well.—J. M. G.



THE TAPESTRY HANGING OF "THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS." Recently restored to the Hampton Court collection.

A GIFT TO CHRIST'S COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I think you might like to see this photograph of the very handsome steeple cup presented by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan of New York to Christ's College—the finest addition to the College's magnificent collection of silver-gilt plate received for the last two centuries. The following is a description of it: A James I silver-gilt cup and cover, 20½ ins. high. London hall-mark, 1611. Maker's mark, TYL monogram. The cup has a U-shaped bowl supported on a stem, formed as a three-handled vase, which in turn rests upon a domed base in two tiers; the design of the stem and foot is duplicated to form a cover, while the whole is surmounted by the figure of an amazon supporting a shield and banner. The decoration consists of nine horizontal matted bands, to which are applied delicate foliated scrollwork issuing into bunches of grapes, alternating with bands of similar size polished to a bright surface. The stem and the upper portion of the cover are formed as classical vases, with fluted beaker necks, the borders of which are connected by three handle-shaped devices moulded as caryatid dragons; three similar mouldings connect the two tiers of the base. The border of the cover and the lower part of the bowl are designed as petals, while the edge of the foot is stamped with fluting and shell ornament. The bowl of the cup is delicately engraved with the Plomer arms. The cup was presented by the Merchant Taylors' Guild in 1620 to John Plomer of New Windsor, Berks, on the occasion of his marriage to Anne Gerard, daughter of Philip Gerard, Reader of Gray's Inn. This particular cup was for about fifty years in Australia in the hands of either the last representative of the family or his predecessor. Weight, 390zs. 14dwt. Sold at Christie's with the Plomer-Ward heirlooms three or four years ago, it fetched £4,500. The other steeple cup in the possession of the College is somewhat higher and of slightly later date. It was presented by George Montague, fifth son of Henry Montague, who was created Earl of Manchester in 1638-9 and proceeded to his M.A. degree in 1640. On one side it bears the Montague arms, and on the other side their crest. The bowl is ornamented with six upright leaves and some strap ornaments. The stem is baluster-shaped with three grotesque brackets. The ornamentation of the base is similar to that of the bowl, and so is the lower part of the cover. The finial consists of a square openwork spire, on the top of which at a later date was placed Britannia holding a trident and a shield bearing the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. The addition of this figure rather spoils the proportion of the cup, and it would be handsomer without it. The following inscription is stippled on the lip of the cup: "Ex dono Georgii Montague D Henrici comitis Mancestrae filii natu quinti."—A. E. SHIPLEY.

THE BISQUES THAT FAILED.

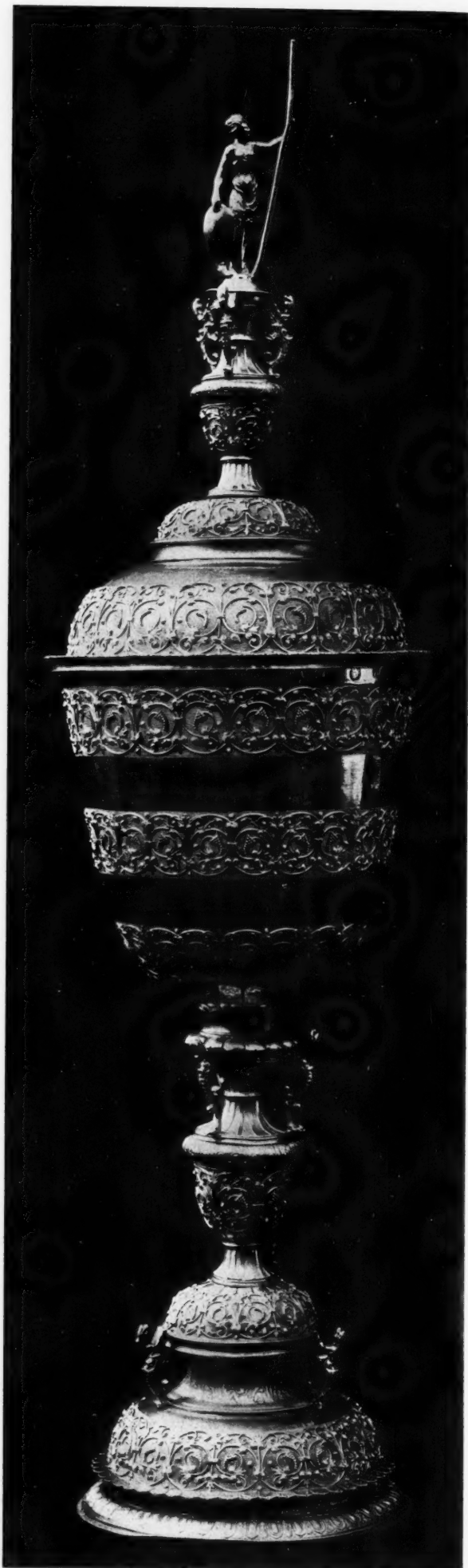
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I read your correspondent's amusing account of his match with his friend the Colonel, in last week's issue with great pleasure, but I hardly think that he throws much light on the exact value of the bisque. Even colonels cannot be relied upon to take three or even four putts upon the green with such obliging regularity as did "Mab's" opponent. I have played a good many matches with bisques, especially with one particular adversary, and in that case we found that two bisques were about equivalent to three strokes. Either form of handicap brought us equally well together. The right proportion probably differs somewhat according to the class of golfer. In the class wherein two players have been known to toss up to decide which should give the other a stroke, a hole bisqued may have an enhanced value. Moreover, the value of the bisque also differs according to the respective temperaments of the players, and there is considerable scope for tactical ability in deciding on the right moment to take a bisque. Some people cannot bear to have even the mildest Sword of Damocles hanging over their heads. They like to know exactly what they have to do, and as long as a bisque or two remain unused, are ill at ease. In such a case it behoves the recipient of bisques to hold them up as long as he possibly can, remembering always that to bottle up bisques may be as fatal as bottling up trumps. On the other hand, we may be receiving points from a player who is easily depressed by being a hole or two down at the start of the match. In such a case it is worth while to crowd on all sail, take our bisques at the earliest opportunity and try, by taking the lead, to crush the manly spirit of the adversary once and for all. We shall be left with a lead and nothing to fall back upon, even like a runner who has cut out the pace at the start of a race, and that is the situation that we must clearly envisage before deciding on our tactics. From a psychological point of view bisques make, I think, the most entertaining form of handicap.—MEIRION.

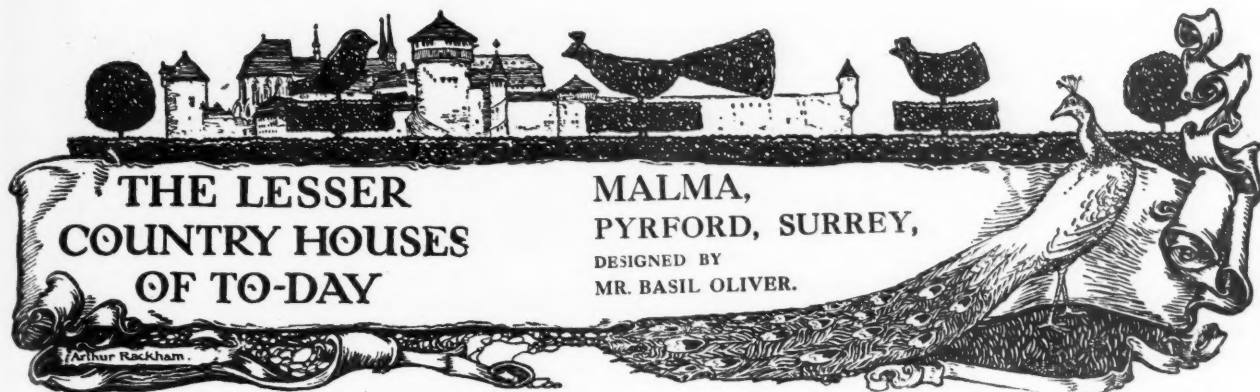
SINGING SANDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While recently spending a few days in the picturesque island of Eigg, Inverness-shire, I made a point of visiting the so-called singing sand of Cleadale. The beach is about 400yds. long, and, so far as the eye can discern, there is nothing to distinguish it from any ordinary stretch of shore. When fairly dry it is white, smooth and very pretty. When one starts to walk over it or to stamp it briskly a singular thing occurs. There is emitted a peculiar sound which may be described as resembling the syllable "zizh, zizh," or the process of frying heard through a closed door. It is distinctly pleasing and sufficiently loud to be heard at a distance of 20yds. or 30yds. The sand may be rendered sonorous in a variety of ways—by rubbing it briskly between the palms of the hands, by striking it in a sack, or by shaking it in a half-filled bottle. When dealt with in any of these ways it gives forth several imperfect notes on an ascending scale. This remarkable quality is not mentioned by Hugh Millar or Sir David Brewster. When preserved for a number of days the sand becomes "silent" and unresponsive to any beating. My chief object is now, however, to state some interesting facts for which I am indebted to an American scientist. He points out that the same phenomenon is encountered on the east coast of Massachusetts, and the sounds produced by the two widely separated beaches are absolutely identical. He writes from personal knowledge of both neighbourhoods. As to the existence of similar sands at Jabel Nakons (Arabia Petraea) and Reg Rawan (near Cabul), my learned friend is somewhat sceptical. He doubts if they have been properly examined by competent persons.—A.H.



STEEPLE CUP, PRESENTED TO CHRIST'S COLLEGE BY
MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN.



THE exterior of this house is a good example of the merit enshrined in simplicity and directness. It is not worried with embellishments, its fenestration is pleasing, and the roof especially is not cut about in the manner that, unfortunately, so often distinguishes modern domestic architecture. The house was built in 1913-14 for a Swedish lady, Mlle. Tosta de Bennich, and includes several unusual features. The large five-sided bay window at the end of the dining-room was designed to afford, when all the windows are open, the advantages of a loggia without the extra expense. It is also to be noted that when the main entrance door, the dining-room door, and the central glazed doors of the bay window are all open—as they frequently are during the day in the summer months—a pleasant vista with the garden beyond is seen from the entrance.

The dining-room and drawing-room fireplace openings are of a type often found in Sweden, consisting merely of three-centred chamfered plastered arches, but with English dog-grates and without shelves, overmantels or woodwork of any kind. Their hearths are raised high above the floor. Upstairs in the two chief bedrooms the fireplaces (at the special request of the client) are even more characteristically Swedish, though, in the architect's opinion, all the fireplaces—the last-mentioned especially—are out of character with the house, which he has endeavoured to design in the French manner with a slight Swedish feeling, but with the restraint, proportion and symmetry of English eighteenth century work.

The two principal bedrooms have access to railed asphalt flats, and the larger room of the two has its own bathroom



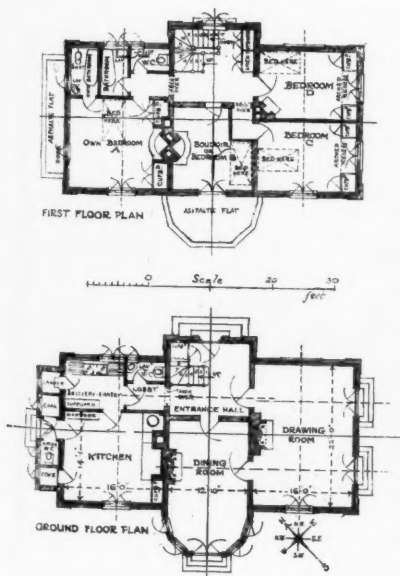
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THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

leading out of it at one corner. Ample cupboard accommodation has been provided throughout. A feature of the two bedrooms on the other side of the house is an arched window recess with deep built-in wardrobes on either side—another Swedish idea and a very good one, for it allows the windows to open inwards without touching the dressing table.

As regards the construction of the house, the walls are built of brick 11 ins. thick with a 2 in. cavity, stuccoed and lime-whitened externally, the slightly projecting quoins being merely lime-whitened, so as to give a rough contrasting texture, as also



GROUND & FIRST FLOOR PLANS.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.



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DINING-ROOM

"COUNTRY LIFE."

are the tile arched heads to the four principal ground floor windows.

The two chimney-stacks, built of thin multi-coloured bricks of a Dutch type, are not whitened. The roof is covered with red pantiles made to an old-fashioned pattern, having a much pleasanter and more pronounced curve than the uninteresting modern variety. The jalousies are painted green.

These, it will be noted, each consist of two louvred panels, which is a very satisfactory form. Shutters of this kind are, indeed, a great addition to any house, not only for the relief they give to the architectural frame, but also on grounds of convenience within. We all now believe in the cult of the open window, especially the open bedroom window, and the outstanding merit of the louvred shutter in this connection is that it admits air while excluding light. Thus we get the best of both worlds.

Another very pleasing feature of this house is the cornice, bold without being over-heavy, and carried across the garden front as an unbroken line that adds to the reposeful effect of the house and binds the design together. All was very soundly done for something less than 10d. per foot cube, which pre-war figure serves to remind us of the extraordinary advance which the past year especially has witnessed in building costs. At the present time they are probably three times what they were in 1914, and even now show no sign of having reached their high-water mark;

so that building a house becomes a sort of adventure, nobody knowing how long it will take to complete nor how much it will eventually cost. Sooner or later, of course, things must settle themselves to a normal condition, and it will be vastly interesting to see—say, five years hence—what the foot cube will then work out at. Meanwhile, for architect and client, it is a fearful and wonderful problem.

R. R. P.

A BOOK OF SMALL COUNTRY HOUSES

Small Country Houses of To-day. (Second Series.). By Lawrence Weaver. Large quarto, 300 Illustrations. London: "Country Life," 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Price 25s. net.

THE small country house built before the war was perhaps the finest demonstration that has ever been given of getting a quart into a pint pot. The houses illustrated in Mr. Weaver's book were built for folk who needed a good deal for their money. By studying the plans we can almost see the architect jig-sawing his puzzle into shape, saving 3ins. here and being delighted when, with infinite ingenuity, he has cut down his cubical contents by a few hundred feet, becoming a positive nuisance to his fellows when, with the aid of a friendly builder, he built, and did it well, for perhaps 7d. to 8d. per cubic foot. Happy pre-war days, that slipped away so easily, and are so little appreciated! Now one cannot expect to build even the simplest small country house for less than 1s. 6d. per foot cube, and we must needs all of us go to school again so that we may be the better able to attack the problem of how to bring building back to practical politics.

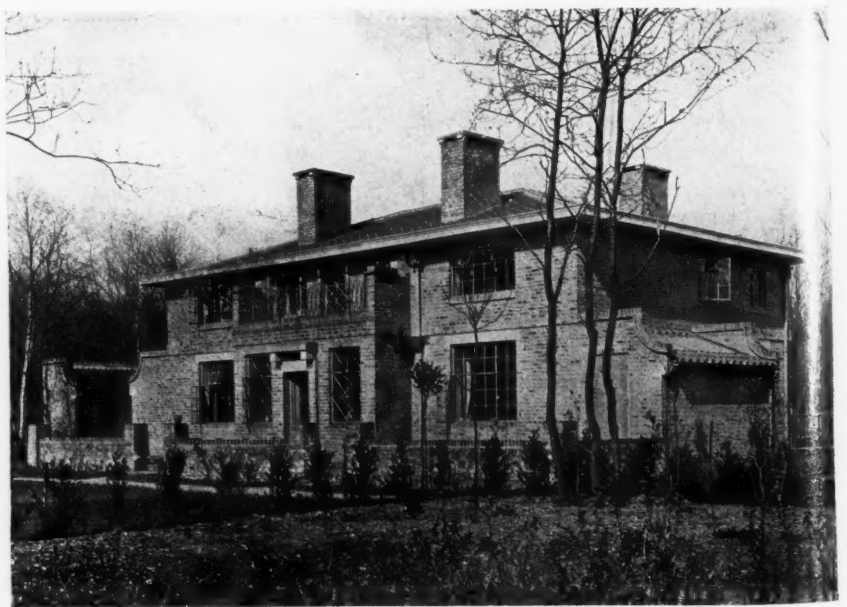
There are many things to be learnt from Mr. Weaver's book. Take Mr. Blow's house, Happisburgh Manor, Norfolk. Here we find flint, brick and rush used in a delightful way to ensure that pleasant tuning in with the countryside which is given by the use of local materials. We shall now have to follow suit because of transport difficulties. No longer will the builder, except at great expense and with huge difficulty, desecrate Inverness-shire with red brick, and plant tiles where slates grow.

There are pleasant brick houses by Mr. Harold Falkner at Farnham and Professor Richardson at Sunningdale, and a very interesting experiment by the late Captain Winter Rose at Wolmer Wood is illustrated. This house was designed for Mr. A. Lys Baldry, the art critic, who desired a house fireproof as to its floors and roof and metalled as to its casements. Mr. Baldry is to be commended for his pluck and its result. Mr. Rose used stock bricks, and concrete covered with tiles for the roof. Mr. Weaver here remarks that such a covering is desirable, as "concrete is not one of

the most waterproof of materials unless special precautions are taken"; but recent experiments have shown that if the necessary reinforcement be continuous and the resulting slab a homogeneous mass, not cut up by steel joists being embedded in it, cracks are avoided, and a coating of tar and pitch is all that is needed. Such methods hardly sound suitable for country houses, but flat roofs are possible, and save timber when it is four times its pre-war cost—and poor in quality. The exterior of Mr. Baldry's house is, perhaps, the most interesting example in the book, because of the intelligent way in which a modern problem has been tackled.

Of many other houses illustrated, charming as they are, a certain criticism can be raised that there is a hankering after the picturesque, an Elizabethan sort of outlook which is a little out of place in these days. But, inasmuch as Mr. Weaver's book is an analysis of such matters and tells how houses can be best planned and best built, it is most welcome.

C. H. B. QUENNEL.



WOLMER WOOD, MARLOW COMMON.

The late Captain Winter Rose, M.C.

(From "Small Country Houses of To-Day." Second Series.)

THE NEW SPANISH ROOM AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

BY TANCRED BORENIUS.

THE National Gallery is now slowly passing through a period of gradual return to normal conditions, and with the increased wall space at the disposal of the Gallery authorities more and more of the treasures which during the war were hidden from sight are again becoming available for our enjoyment. Quite lately a room containing a selection of the pictures of the Spanish school has been thrown open, and the occasion has been seized to introduce to the public the latest notable acquisition of the Gallery, El Greco's "Agony in the Garden." The arrangement of the pictures must presumably be regarded as provisional, for it is hard to imagine that it is intended not to include the Rokeby "Venus" among the permanent series of Spanish exhibits—not to mention various other pictures of less but yet considerable distinction.

On the whole, the Spanish section of the National Gallery must by now be regarded as very fairly representative, as is, indeed, but natural when one considers how it was this nation which, about a hundred years ago, as a result of the Peninsular War, took the lead in the appreciation of the Spanish school, until then but little known this side of the Pyrenees. Much has, of course, left these shores since the period of great importation of Spanish pictures early in the nineteenth century, and the Gallery of the Hermitage, for example, owes very largely its remarkable series of Spanish masters to the exertions of the Anglo-Dutch collector, Mr. W. Coesveldt, whose collection was acquired *en bloc* for Russia in 1814; but the Spanish series at the Hermitage, although more numerous than the one at Trafalgar Square and decoratively most impressive, is yet far less representative of the various masters and periods of the Spanish school.

The new Spanish room is, on the whole, very well hung, with no overcrowding, and successful balancing of masses and tones. An effective centrepiece of one of the long walls is the large "Adoration of the Shepherds," the authorship of which

has been the subject of much debate, and which the present writer feels inclined to assign to Zurbaran. Next to it hang, a very famous work by the same master, the "Praying Monks" where—exactly as in the works of Caravaggio—the squalidness and coarseness of the facts represented are accentuated with absolute brutality by the few glaring lights, while the large masses of deep and unbroken shadow intensify the sinister impression: in particular, the profound gloom over the eyes, and the greater part of the face produces a wonderfully striking effect of calling from the depths. Murillo's popular "St. John with the Lamb," which balances the Zurbaran, seems by comparison peculiarly slight in its artistic significance; but we return to a higher level of art immediately afterwards in Velasquez' sombre and dignified full length of the "Admiral Pulido Pareja."

The next wall is devoted, among other things, to the group of Goya pictures. The National Gallery must indeed be accounted fortunate to possess two such examples of an artist, who as a portrait painter did a very good deal of hack work, as the singularly noble and dignified "Portrait of Dr. Peral" and the perfectly enchanting "Portrait of a Young Lady" in a black mantilla over a rose-coloured dress, with her arms akimbo and her face provokingly turned to the left. From the Goyas we pass almost immediately to the Grecos. The National Gallery has possessed for some time two examples by this artist: one, a rather early half-length of an old man with long white beard; and the other, one—and not a particularly interesting one—of his many versions of "Christ Driving the Money-changers Out of the Temple." To these the Layard Bequest added a small, but, from the point of view of colour, exceedingly distinguished, "Head of an Apostle" (now rather awkwardly hung in a corner above a cupboard). Much the most ambitious and important of the Grecos is, however, the new arrival, "The Agony in the Garden." It is a work of the latest, and in some ways the greatest, of Greco's phases as an artist, the one which has meant so much for the most forward movement



THE NEW GRECO: "THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN."

in contemporary painting. Harking back to a tradition, which in the Venetian school reaches back to Giovanni Bellini's marvellous panel in the National Gallery, but which seems almost unparalleled in the other Italian schools, Greco has carried out the scene as a night effect; and the passage on the right, where the clouds are drifting across the moon in a landscape where Judas and a group of soldiers, carrying torches, are crossing a bridge, is of rare beauty. In the foreground, silhouetted against a background of rock, kneels Christ, in a cloak of luminous pink, looking up to the Angel who descends from Heaven, kneeling on some clouds, through a break in which are seen the figures of the three Apostles asleep. The extraordinary,

fantastic and visionary quality which pertains to the work of Greco's latest phase is fully present here, and the sheer material beauty of the colouring contributes to a very impressive general effect; but I would hardly go the length of describing this as one of the most remarkable of Greco's works, for it does seem to me that it is somewhat inchoate as a design and defective in its realisation of the principal character. Nevertheless, it is an acquisition to be rejoiced at, both on account of its message to all lovers of art, and then also on account of the opportunity it will afford to artists of becoming acquainted with this most mysterious and "modern" of the old masters.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT ON FUR PRODUCTION

By C. J. DAVIES.

THE energy and interest which are being displayed in the exploitation of domestic rabbits for their fur, and the prices which all classes of rabbit skins are fetching, augurs well for the future of the fur production industry in this country. We are, however, still very ignorant upon many most important practical points bearing on the production of fur rabbits which it is probable that time alone will elucidate. For instance, although we know that fur rabbits must be killed in full winter coat if their product is to fetch the highest prices, and that no rabbit is in full coat until at least six months old, and maybe older, yet much diversity of opinion still exists as to the best month in which rabbits should be born to give the most satisfactory economic results.

That the experience of different breeders keeping the same breeds varies so much is probably due mainly to differences of (1) climate (*e.g.*, locality), (2) housing, and (3) feeding.

A study of the conditions so far as they are known which control the production of the best classes of fur from wild animals helps to throw a little light upon some matters of the greatest practical importance to rabbit breeders. The prices of pelts, whether from wild or domesticated animals of any one species, vary with the quality of each individual pelt, so that considerable loss may be incurred by those producers who, either from neglect, incorrect management or want of knowledge, merely succeed in producing second-rate articles.

We know, as already stated, that fur rabbits of highest class are only killed when in full winter coat, which means, in practice, somewhere about from the middle of November till the middle of February, these dates varying to some extent with locality and other factors. But what is less generally realised is that "full winter coat" may differ considerably not only in breed, but in animals of the same age and breed from different rabbitries and in individuals coming from the same rearer. Such evidence as is at present available suggests that these differences are quite as great, or maybe greater, among domesticated stocks than among wild animals captured in much the same locality, and these variations under domestication are probably in part the reflection of the different methods adopted by breeders.

Most breeds, however, are crossbred in origin, therefore composite in nature, which accounts for many of the differences in coat character among animals of the same litter reared together. In some breeds there are several distinct classes or types of coat, differing in length, thickness, closeness or otherwise in which it lies to the body, coarseness of individual hairs and so on, and these peculiarities, combined with variations in shade of colour and variations due to environment, add to the difficulties of securing parcels of well matched pelts.

With regard to colour, generally speaking and with certain exceptions, wild animals decrease in pigment as they approach the Poles, and are more brightly coloured towards the Equator.

The new growth of fur is always deeper in colour than the old coat. Animals trapped in forests and woods are generally more richly and brightly coloured than animals whose habitat is in the open; on the other hand, these woodland dwellers usually have much finer coats than relatives which inhabit exposed situations.

Many Arctic animals change their colour to a lighter shade in the winter, as well as donning a thicker coat. Most residents of temperate regions have seasonal changes of coat without a marked change of colour, the thick winter coat being shed in spring for a thin, and from the furrier's point of view, comparatively worthless summer jacket lacking undercoat, which in its turn is replaced in autumn by the thick, close, double winter coat. Most tropical animals have but one class of coat, which does not vary in colour (leaving out sexual dimorphism) or thickness throughout the year.

It is known to the trade that the quality of fur depends a great deal upon the mildness or severity of the winter. Provided

the food supply is abundant, a cold winter produces the best fur, a mild winter the reverse. But it sometimes happens that in a very rigorous winter the wild fur-bearing animals suffer from exposure and starvation, in which case, if they survive, their coats are thin and inferior.

Animals from low altitudes have less fine and thick fur than specimens of the same species which live at greater heights, just as exposure to sea air or the blasts of open plains renders the fur comparatively coarser and thicker.

It is obvious, therefore, that environment plays a great part in controlling the quality of fur, and it will be profitable to discuss the subject in its bearing upon the ordinary methods of management adopted by rabbit breeders. Two factors, as we have seen, have a marked influence upon colour. As most breeders know, the coats of all rabbits are at their best soon after the moult is completed. Exposure to sunlight or, indeed, merely to strong daylight soon fades or bleaches the colour of dark selfs, and causes white animals to become tinged with yellow. The actinic rays are not strong enough between October and February to do much harm in this way, so that rabbits can be successfully moulted in outside hutches during the winter months; but as the days lengthen deterioration soon sets in unless the pens are thoroughly shaded. In shading them breeders sometimes shut out the air as well as the sun—make the hutches much too hot, in fact—and that is nearly as fatal as allowing the sun to penetrate, for one very hot day has been known to turn a rabbit right off in colour.

The thickest coats by far are grown by rabbits kept in outside pens. But here, again, discretion is needed, because although the fact is not yet proved, there is a good deal of evidence to suggest that rabbits exposed to very severe cold may bleach or lose colour in their feet and ears almost in a night, which, for the time being, spoils them for exhibition if not for commerce. Therefore the best type of pen in which to keep fur rabbits seems to be a large, dry, airy structure in the open furnished with a warm compartment in which the animals can lie in very cold weather, shaded from the direct rays of the sun, protected from rain, yet otherwise fully exposed to the weather. The rabbits do not seem to suffer if the pens are large enough to enable them to take plenty of exercise; but to coop them up in small pens in the open is, of course, undesirable in severe weather. Again, pens may need far less protection in the southern parts of these isles than they do north of the Thames; also breeders in all parts who live at altitudes exceeding 3000 feet above sea-level will probably have to adopt systems differing in detail from those which give success to dwellers in the plains. There is, in fact, a wide scope for individual enterprise, experiment and initiative in finding out the system which will give each breeder the best results in high quality fur while at the same time maintaining the health and condition of the producers.

To secure what is thought to be a suitable method of housing is, however, only a part of the problem. Food occupies quite as important a position as a fur producer. The rabbits must not only be adequately fed as regards quantity throughout their lives, but they must be *correctly fed* to enable them to grow coats. Wild animals secure for themselves the food they require or perish. Our domestic rabbits have to depend upon what we give them, and if our supply does not contain the ingredients necessary to grow fur, even the most carefully thought out and happily devised pens will not enable them to do it.

The short "flying" coats of many English, Dutch, silver, etc., rabbits are very often the outcome of the absence in the dietary of the essentials to grow coat. Fanciers feed mainly on cereals, and it is a well known fact among those who have made a study of the feeding of livestock that a dietary in which cereals alone figure as the concentrated food cannot grow rabbits of more than three or four pounds weight which do not in some way (generally lack of size or coat) show the deprivation to which they have been subjected. The present writer has obtained

rabbits from old fanciers which have had no length of coat at all, but which after a few weeks of correct feeding moulted the entire coat and grew a thick, luxuriant fur at a time of year when, if they had always been properly fed, they might have been expected to have assumed a thinner jacket!

It is the albuminoids in the dietary which enable an animal to grow the maximum length and thickness of coat of which it is hereditarily capable. The concentrated food must be made up of ingredients which when combined show an analysis of some 20 per cent. of albuminoids, and if this is given at the rate of, say, ½ oz. to ¾ oz. per lb. liveweight of the rabbit in addition to liberal allowances of hay and roots, the animals will be able to respond to almost any degree of exposure to severe weather by growing the much-desired thick, close winter fur upon which

their ultimate commercial value depends. To expose rabbits and then not to feed them in a way which enables them to protect themselves is, of course, sheer cruelty, and will probably lead to the loss of the victims.

By housing and feeding, then, in a correct manner suited in detail to the locality the best fur will be grown. Length of fur after these conditions are fulfilled depends mainly upon heredity. Some rabbits do not moult when the coat has reached the normal length of the variety, but go on growing it until it is twice as long, and then moult. Others go on growing it for longer still and become "Angoras." These peculiarities are understood to be hereditary, so that it is in the power of breeders to establish by selection breeds with different coat lengths, provided always that they feed so as to enable the animals to do the utmost in this respect of which they are capable.

NEARING THE UNIVERSITY MATCH

BY BERNARD DARWIN

THE University match at Sunningdale is now drawing quite near. I wish I could say that the Cambridge side is really a great deal better than it is supposed to be. Failing that I can say at least that Oxford has not such a good team as people imagine. On the last two Saturdays the men of Oxford have been unmercifully thrashed by Mid-Surrey and Woking respectively. They were also heavily beaten at St. George's Hill some time ago, and making all due allowances for absence of local knowledge, these defeats show that theirs is not really a wonderful side. It certainly is not comparable for a moment to that of 1900. The fact is that the genius of Mr. Withered and Mr. Tolley has cast a partially undeserved glamour over the rest of the side. No better golfers than these two have ever led a University side, but after them comes a considerable drop. These two distinguished themselves once more at Woking last Saturday, Mr. Withered beating Mr. Gillies, and Mr. Tolley beating Mr. "Ivy" Martin Smith. Mr. Tolley, by the way, has gained a sincere admirer, in one who is never an indulgent critic, namely, J. H. Taylor. Taylor thinks his swing one of the most beautiful he ever saw—"True to a hair, sir; true to a hair," as he says with his usual delightful emphasis. He also approves of the way in which Mr. Tolley gets his tremendous length without employing the dangerous device of a hook.

POOR CAMBRIDGE.

While Oxford were getting badly beaten at Woking, Cambridge—poor dear Cambridge—made quite a good though unsuccessful fight against the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society in their foursome match at Mildenhall. I was prevented at the last moment from playing, so I can only say that on paper Cambridge played better than they have done lately. True, the Society had, perhaps, if I may say so without disrespect, a better dining side than a golfing side. Nevertheless, they had some very experienced foursome players among them, whereas undergraduates have, as a rule, but little knowledge of that form of the game. Cambridge possess, however, one couple that seem to play foursomes as if to the manner born, Mr. Johnstone, the captain, and Mr. John Morrison, who if not captain of golf at Cambridge is captain of almost everything else. These two halved with Mr. Robert Harris and Mr. Ambrose at Worplesdon, a really fine performance, and here at Mildenhall I find them walking into the invincible Mr. Holderness and his partner to the tune of 5 and 4, and also beating Messrs. Vincent and Carlisle. I am not in the least deluding myself into the belief that Cambridge have any real chance against Oxford. I am sure they have not; but I do hope they will make a closer fight of it than the outside world expects.

A GREAT FINISH OF FORMER DAYS.

Talking some little time ago about the University match Mr. Croome made an ingenious suggestion. He said that the lowest couple should start first and the most distinguished last. Thus if, as sometimes happens, the whole fate of the day hangs on the fortunes of the last hole played by the last couple, it should be the two captains and not the two humblest players that should bear the burden and provide the spectacle. There is a good deal to be said for it. Certainly one feels at times the profoundest pity for the two ninth men, with all the accumulated crowds from the other eight matches gloating over each "new and nerve-twitched pose," struggling up to the last hole. The most thrilling instance that I can recollect was in a match at Rye when the whole result depended on the last hole as played by Mr. Wakefield of Oxford and Mr. Claud Marzetti of Cambridge. If Mr. Wakefield could halve the last hole, Oxford would win the match; but could he halve it? He had sliced his second over the precipice to the right and lay far below the hole in that sandy wilderness. Mr. Marzetti, on the other hand, lay comparatively safe and happy below the club house to the left of the green with a certain five and a chance for four,

Mr. Wakefield had one chance, and he took it like a man. He seized some straight-faced iron club and banged his ball hard against the high bank, whence it bounded up and lay so near the pin that he actually got his four and won the hole. If in my disappointment at the time I called that stroke in my heart a fluke, I apologise now. It was a very gallant and skilful effort at a horrid crisis.

A GOLFING SCENE FROM CANNES.

We have had a winter of such wonderful weather that there has been less reason than usual to envy the lucky people in the Riviera. Nevertheless, it is hard not to feel a sharp pang over the picture that we publish this week, so sunshiny



CROSSING THE STREAM AT NAPOULE.

and placid, so full of blue sky and drowsy hummings does it appear. Many will recognise the boat that takes you across the little river on the links of the Cannes Golf Club at Napoule. I have a hazy recollection that either the boat or the boatman used to be decked in the broad red and white stripes that were

the club colours, but they do not appear in this picture. Napoule is one of the few courses in the Riviera where the golf is not only pretty but good. Indeed, it has but one serious rival in lovely Sospel tucked away in a mountain valley behind Mentone with the swift Bevera rushing through it. The golf at Napoule is rather like that of the New Zealand course at Byfleet. The best holes lie in sandy country down narrow glades between rows of beautiful "umbrella" pines. Nobody, of course, can forget the first two holes that ran parallel with the mimosa avenue that leads up to the club; but these are of a different type, and in their case the mimosa is a great deal better than the golf.

THE PROFESSIONAL EXODUS TO AMERICA.

During the War several of our younger professionals went to America, and Peace has rather accelerated the exodus than otherwise. Douglas Edgar departed some time back. Two or

three days ago Lawrence Ayton and his brother went to Evanston, one of the Chicago courses, and in a month or so Mayo will be off to Edgewater, another Chicago club. Here are three serious losses to British professional golf, and they will not be the last we may be sure. Edgewater is chiefly famous as the home club of Mr. "Chick" Evans. It was not when I was in America regarded as one of the outstanding Chicago courses. Nevertheless, Mayo is being guaranteed an income of \$5,000 a year, and will I hope and have no doubt, earn a good deal more. This sort of thing is only one of the many smaller results of the War, though typical of bigger things. British clubs and British golfers cannot afford to give their professionals these incomes, and the professionals naturally go where they can earn them. Doubtless we shall have to pay our professionals more if we want to keep them at home. How much a distinguished player is worth to them is a question which the members of each club must decide for themselves.

WHICH IS CHAMPION HURDLE RACER?

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF TRESPASSER.

HURDLE racing has unquestionably been the feature of recent happenings on the racecourse under National Hunt rules, and the glory has been to the four year olds, who, of course, are the newcomers to this branch of the winter sport. Last week at Gatwick, in a field of four, White Heat beat Planet by two lengths, and Furious was a length and a half away third. Being a six year old Planet had to concede 14lb. to each of the younger ones. There was tremendous rivalry between the hosts of admirers of these three, but Planet was established a decided favourite. The other two were equal second favourites at 5 to 2. Up to this race they were an unbeaten trio this season, though Planet and White Heat had each figured in a dead-heat. It will be well understood what a keenly interesting race this was at Gatwick, for it would clear up the much debated question of the hurdling championship.

The actual race was quite convincing. We saw Furious shatter his chances through indifferent jumping. Obviously, therefore, he was not destined to attain championship rank, though between the last two hurdles he was right there with the other two. When, however, they were clear of the last flight it was made plain that the issue would rest between Planet and White Heat. The older horse made a game and gallant effort, but his challenger had too much speed for him and he came on to win comfortably and in impressive style by a couple of lengths. Certainly White Heat is a good class horse to find his way into the ranks of hurdlers. He was bred at the National Stud in Ireland, being by White Eagle from Crucible. His name, therefore, was an extremely happy piece of nomenclature. During his career on the flat he belonged to the Hon. Lionel Montague, and I well remember when he first ran last year as a three year old, for he beat a hot favourite for a maiden race at Sandown Park. He started at 20 to 1 against, which shows how lightly his chance was esteemed. I believe at that time his temper and waywardness on the training grounds gave a lot of trouble, but he appears to have sobered with age. Although the three year olds were moderate last year, he nevertheless showed he could gallop by finishing sixth to Grand Parade for the Derby. Then, too, he filled a similar position in the St. Leger behind Keysoe.

No sooner has White Heat apparently established himself to championship honours than we are confronted with the distinguished performance of another young horse. The one I have in mind now is Trespasser, who with 11st. 6lb. to carry and appearing for the first time in a hurdle race was able a week ago to win the Two Thousand Pound Hurdle race at Manchester. This was quite a remarkable performance, for if you work out the form through Frank Webber (who was second, receiving 14lb.) and Planet (who dead-heated with Frank Webber, giving the latter 16lb. a little while ago) you can make out Trespasser to be a better horse than White Heat and even better than Planet, the weight for age allowance of 14lb. thrown in! I can recall commenting in these notes shortly after the December sales on the tremendous prices paid, and how some horses might prove to be very dear purchases. Trespasser was one of them. Mr. Heybourn gave 2,300 guineas, and my idea at that time was that the purchase was an injudicious one. Certainly the laugh is with Mr. Heybourn. I and other observers had seen

Trespasser when carrying his late owner's colours (Lord Ellesmere's) run sourly and as if incapable of performing the simplest task. Yet this is the stuff apparently that makes champion hurdlers, and what is more Mr. Heybourn and his trainer, J. M. Bell, seem to have a special faculty for recognising it. They have made inspired purchases before this one. An example that comes to mind is Vermouth, by Barcadaile. You would not have thought, looking at him as a moderate flat racer, that he would become a very smart hurdler and later win a Lancashire Steeplechase and a War National Steeplechase at Gatwick. Trespasser is a good-looking, powerful bay horse by a grey sire, Kildare II, from a mare named Intrusive. He was a smart winner in his early two year old days, but, as I have said, he seemed to sicken of racing as a three year old. I should say that White Heat was the better class three year old and his staying powers were certainly more developed. I suppose it is too much to hope that an opportunity will be forthcoming whereby White Heat and Trespasser could run off a "decider." It would be immensely interesting, and there would be keen rivalry.

There is little fresh to write on the Lincolnshire Handicap and Grand National. Bruff Bridge continues to hold his place as favourite for the former race and apparently pleases from day to day the observers at Newmarket. Monteith has returned to favour, no doubt as the result of the very satisfactory way he went in a seven furlong gallop the other day. Sir Berkeley has been on the easy list for a day or two, but reports from those who should know about this horse speak well of him. There seems to be a doubt as to whether Ugly Duckling will run, though it may have been cleared up by the time these notes are in print. Furious would have looked better had he won that Champion Hurdle race, but it can at least be said for him that his trainer, Percy Woodland, still thinks he has a really good outside chance of winning at Lincoln. Paragua, Milton Violincello and Royal Bucks have many friends. It is an open race and I am very diffident about making a definite choice. Next week I must do so.

Irishmen must have been chagrined to see their National candidates, Troytown and Ballyboggan, fail so completely when much expected to shine in the three mile steeplechase at Leopardstown a week ago. Ballyboggan does not seem to have been seriously fancied, to judge by his long price in the betting, so that his poor show may not have come as a surprise to his stable. On that form he represents no danger to Poethlyn at Aintree a fortnight hence. Troytown tired towards the end, suggesting a lack of stamina, which confirms the opinion given by my Paris correspondent in last week's notes. In his case he was favourite at 3 to 1 to win the Leopardstown event a week ago. Thus the failure to even get a place may be rather serious.

PHILIPPOS.

Notes on Riding and Driving, by Major R. S. Timmis. (Foster Groom, 1s. 6d.)

MAJOR R. S. TIMMIS has gained a well deserved reputation for his books on horses and horsemanship. We therefore welcome his latest handbook. His advice is sound and practical, and is given in clear language. No horse owner will regret following this master of his subject, even when in his suggestions he departs from common practice.

THE NATIONAL PONY SOCIETY AND OUR NATIVE BREEDS



THE National Pony Society is to be congratulated upon the great success which attended its annual show on its return to Islington. Polo pony breeders are enthusiasts. They do not expect the financial rewards that come to some of those whose interests are centered in the hunter; but they believe, and not without reason, that without their industry and enthusiasm horse breeding in this country would suffer. Pony users, too, know the value of the small horse, and are never tired of singing his praise. Every Englishman has a corner in his heart for the pony. These facts help to explain why the show of the National Pony Society was perhaps the most successful of those recently held at Islington. It is apart from our purpose to give in detail the names of the winners of the different classes, but it is not out of place to refer to the surprisingly large number of entries for ponies under saddle. Among them were some of very high quality, and this at a time when it was generally thought that there was a grave shortage, is very pleasing. If the show is open to any criticism, it is that there were not enough representatives of our native breeds present—indeed, that they were insufficiently provided for—and that some better classification could be arranged. For example, the winner of the Lord Arthur Cecil Memorial Cup—a beautiful pony which under different judges subsequently was placed at the head of the Children's Riding Pony Class—was entered and took first prize in a class for mountain and moorland mares likely to breed a riding pony. Her competitors were mostly brood mares, and there is little doubt that their owners think they were placed at a disadvantage in competing with an animal kept in riding and show condition and which is unlikely to be sent to the stud in the near future.

We wish that every lover of the horse could have listened to the speeches made by Earl Haig, General John Vaughan and Sir Gilbert Greenall at the annual dinner of the National Pony Society. Each has a great knowledge of horses of all kinds, yet each placed the pony in the front rank. What Sir Gilbert Greenall said about our native ponies deserves to be written in letters of gold. His opinion is that they are the backbone of

horse breeding in this country and that nothing should be allowed to interfere with their improvement and encouragement.

The National Pony Society has developed from the National Polo Pony Society and is now no longer open to the criticism that its interests are confined to animals which belong to comparatively rich men who are able to take care of themselves. The Society has, wisely and properly, undertaken the larger responsibility of looking after all the pony breeds. Now, altogether apart from the larger issues involved, many owners of mountain and moorland ponies are poor men without sufficient enterprise or knowledge to look after their own best interests. It is therefore the duty and privilege of the National Pony Society to seek the best means of helping those who either cannot or will not help themselves. But from lack of funds the Society cannot do all it would like to do. Every horse-lover—whether or not he takes personal interest in ponies—should become a member of the National Pony Society and thus help to provide the means through which native ponies can be fostered and improved. It is possible the hunting man may not receive direct benefit but he will be providing for posterity. He has himself benefitted. Ask any follower to hounds to tell you about the best hunter he ever rode. You are more likely than not to find, if he knows anything of its pedigree, that there is a pony strain in it. Our native ponies possess constitution, stamina, hardiness and pluck—the result of the survival of the fittest in their constant struggle for existence under wild conditions. They provide, therefore, the finest foundation stock for horse breeding in this country, and without them we should suffer as grievously as we should if we lost pre-eminence with our thoroughbreds. In the latter case many things go to prevent this catastrophe, but there is not the same protection for the pony. Never before in our long history as a horse-breeding nation was there greater need to watch over and encourage our native ponies, and it is to be hoped that the National Pony Society will rise to its obligations and privileges and that every horse-loving Englishman will help it to do so by joining its ranks.



A CONSTANT STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

NEW AND RARE SHRUBS

MAGNOLIA CAMPBELLII AND TWO NEW RHODODENDRONS.

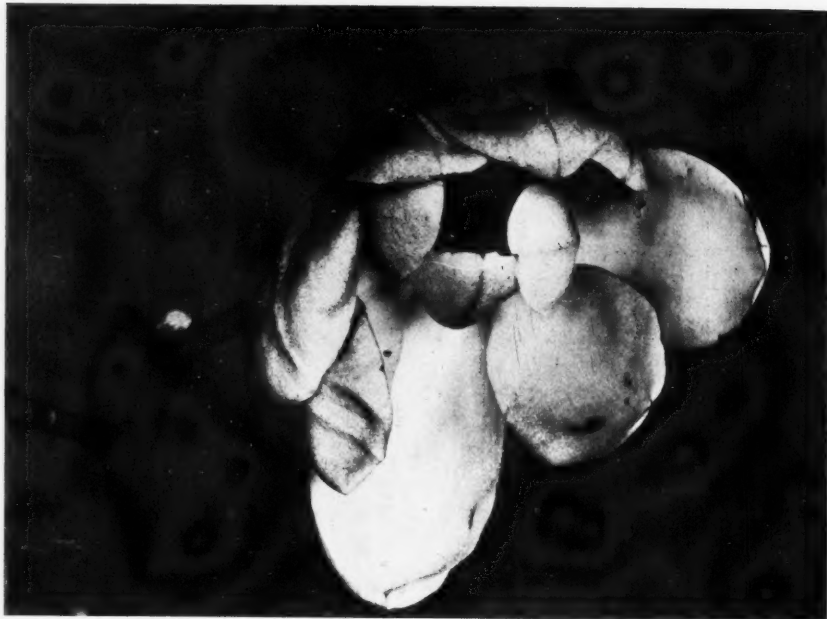
EARLY flowering magnolias look very promising in sheltered gardens, being freely covered with flower buds which are on the point of bursting open. In an early spring it is all a game of chance whether those precocious flowers reach their full beauty of development, for, unfortunately, the blossoms are quickly ruined by spring frosts, and one of the most beautiful sights the spring has to offer is lost to us for another year.

There are few things in the world more lovely than a magnolia blossom, and there is one magnolia comparatively little known in this country that is one of the earliest, if not the earliest, to flower, and it bears the largest and at the same time the most beautiful individual flowers in the magnolia family. Its name is *Magnolia Campbellii*. The massive, cup-shaped flowers are of deep rose colour, carrying with them a heavy, fruit-like perfume. Verily it is one of the most magnificent of all the flowers on this planet. It has one great fault, and that is it is very slow to reach its flowering stage. Trees are known to the writer at least twenty years old; they are 18ft. or more high, and as much through. Those trees are a picture of health in a garden sheltered from the cold north and east winds, but they have not yet borne a flower. It is proposed to put tight bands of iron round some of the massive stems; if the flow of sap is checked it may have the effect of throwing the branch into flower. This is sometimes done with strong-growing apple and pear trees that are shy in producing fruit.

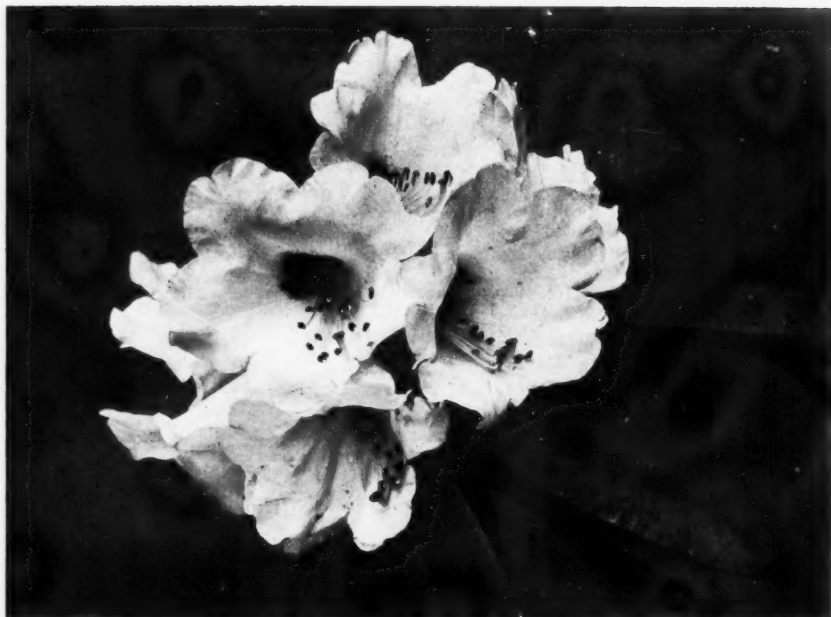
Magnolia Campbellii has flowered well this year in Dorset and Guernsey, and the flower from which the accompanying illustration was prepared was cut from the open and sent by Mr. Peter Veitch of Exeter. *Magnolia Campbellii* has responded to the mild weather, and those who have been fortunate enough to see the flowers have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most magnificent of all magnolias. Travellers tell us that in its native habitat, the Sikkim Himalaya, the tree attains a height of 150ft., and that the flowers, varying in colour from rosy pink to crimson, appear at first sight like birds of beautiful plumage perched high upon the leafless branches of the tree. It is certainly well worth waiting for, even if its failure to bloom proves an annual disappointment for several years.

Two New Rhododendrons.—Visitors to Kew have this year exceptional opportunities of seeing new and rare rhododendrons in flower both in the open and under glass. Perhaps the most beautiful of the rhododendrons now flowering is one that has recently been most appropriately named *R. prævernum* ("before spring"). It is distinct from *R. sutchuenense*, with which it has been confused. The flowers, borne in magnificent trusses, are almost white, with a tint of pink and a large, deep, wine red blotch at the base of each flower, which is seen in the accompanying illustration.

Another rhododendron that attracts much attention is the new *R. oreodoxa*, with white, drooping, bell-shaped flowers. It has been flowering in the open for a few weeks past. There is much variation in the plants under this name, and the form here illustrated is not typical of the species in foliage, neither has it the recognised number of stamens for the true species; nevertheless, it is a gem among rhododendrons. H. C.



MAGNOLIA CAMPBELLII.



RHODODENDRON PRÆVERNUM.



RHODODENDRON OREODOXA.

NATURE NOTES

THE YELLOW FEVER MOSQUITO

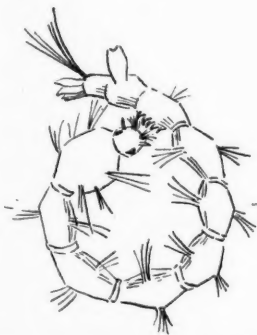
VISITORS to the Insect House at the Zoological Gardens sometimes experience a shock on finding the yellow fever mosquito breeding in considerable numbers behind the glass doors of one of the cases, with an apparently fragile covering of mosquito netting. And some visitors express surprise that the Society should risk such terrible consequences as might ensue on the escape of a mosquito. In reality, there is not the slightest cause for uneasiness. These tiger mosquitoes, as they are called, are indeed the unconscious carriers of that malignant disease which has made uninhabitable some of the most beautiful spots on this globe; but since the germs are not present in any of this particular brood, the insects are as harmless as any of our common British gnats.

As an exhibit this mosquito affords special interest from two points of view—the first as to its relation to man, about which the general public have very hazy notions, and the second as showing all the various stages in the life-cycle of an insect at the same time.

The blotting-paper which lines the glass tank is studded with tiny black eggs, and sometimes the female may be seen walking about on it near the water's edge, depositing them singly in such position as her wise, maternal instinct deems suitable. Under the lens these eggs are seen to be cigar-shaped, with a curious, raised pattern. They may be kept for months if left dry, but they will hatch in water in less than twenty-four hours if the temperature be 75° to 80°.

The larvæ of each species of mosquito have slight specific differences, and these larvæ are some of the most graceful swimmers, owing to their slender build and length of body. It is fascinating to watch the little creatures ascend to the surface to pump in air and swing themselves down again with leisurely, semicircular movements to seek food. The head is fitted with feeding brushes, which revolve in such a manner as to sweep into the mouth the bacilli, etc., on which they feed; and at the end of the body is a tiny toothed process which forms the larva's one toilet requisite, for it acts as a comb to the brushes. The larva curls itself into a circle to bring its head opposite these

little combs, that the brushes may revolve against the spines and cleanse the bristles of any matter clinging to them. Almost anything which produces bacteria in the water will keep them going. Once, when experiments in their food were being carried out by scientists, the larvæ were given something which generated gas instead of bacteria. This had a very disconcerting effect upon them, for they became so light that they were carried to the surface of the water whenever they

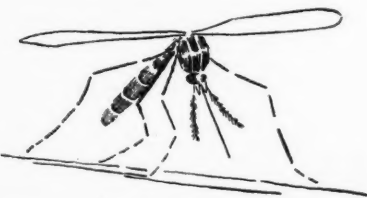


MOSQUITO LARVA MAKING ITS TOILET.

wanted to remain below to feed! In vain did they make efforts to reach the bottom; they would wriggle themselves halfway down, and then be drawn up again to the top like bubbles. Of course, they starved and died, poor little martyrs to the cause of science.

The adult mosquito is handsomely marked with yellow bands on the body and smart silver knee-caps. The male does not feed; the female may be induced to live on sweet juices, but

will not lay eggs without a feed of human blood. After this no time is lost before pairing, and betrothals take place with great rapidity. So excited do the males become that



THE YELLOW FEVER MOSQUITO ABOUT TO FEED.

sometimes the female is actually sweeping away a too ardent suitor with her long legs all the time she is feeding. In about twenty-four hours the female begins to place her eggs on the rough, moist surface of the blotting-paper, and the life-cycle recommences.

EVELYN CHEESMAN (Curator of Insects to the Zoological Society).

WOLFSKINS: A NEW BY-PRODUCT OF FARMING.

I chanced to be sitting on the counter of a small fur store in Winnipeg a week or two back and was idly smoking and

discussing his collection of game heads with the storekeeper, when a tall, gaunt, weather-beaten farmer entered. He brought with him a huge bag containing something evidently intended for the fur trader. He glanced casually round the store and then proceeded to empty his bag on the floor. It contained nothing but prime wolfskins. In a few minutes he was telling the story of how he came by them. His farm was situated down in the south of Saskatchewan, where, during the summer of 1919, there was a serious grasshopper plague. These pests had eaten the grass down to its roots throughout vast tracts of land. A shortage of feed ensued, with the result that dozens of horses which had been turned out to fodder for themselves, died, not of starvation, but from eating the butt ends of the grass. Perforation of the intestines was the general cause of death. This happened just about the time that the wolves were cubbing and gave this ingenious man a bright idea. He proceeded, as was his annual custom, to find the dens with the help of his dog and to dig out the litters; but, instead of killing the little beasts and claiming the \$2 bounty per pair of ears as usual, he took them home in a sack and turned them out into one of the corrals. Here he fed them on some of the horses that had fallen victims to the hopper plague. In all he got thirty-five wolf cubs, worth in bounties \$70. By keeping them till mid-winter and feeding them on meat, which cost him only the trouble of haulage off the prairie, he now disposed of the pelts at an average price of \$25 each, or a total of \$875.

In the meantime he has not been forgetting the chances of doing the same thing again next year. As soon as the frosts arrived he set to and began to haul in all the horses he could get. Simultaneously he dug a huge pit, lined it with ice blocks cut from an adjoining lake, threw the horses into it, covered them with more blocks of ice and finally roofed the whole thing over with sods. He has now a guaranteed supply of food which will keep more or less in good condition throughout the summer. To help himself and his dog in the speedier finding of the dens he conceived another bright notion. As is well known, a train or threshing engine whistle, if blown at the right time of evening, will start all the coyotes in the neighbourhood howling. Trading on this fact, he purchased an old army bugle with which he will set the wolves howling in the evenings, thus revealing their homes. In this way he expects to get at least a hundred skins for the next fur season. The dog he has at the present moment is famous in the district for the finding of wolf dens containing cubs. Empty dens he merely passes by with a sniff. Many Canadian farm dogs are trained to this work, but few ever achieve fame by unflinching success. This dog is one of the few and is, therefore, of especial value to his owner. If fur prices continue to soar, this very astute farmer will, no doubt, replace his entire stock of beeves and horses with wolves in the very near future. W. R.

NESTING KINGFISHERS.

Last summer I observed a pair of nesting kingfishers for some weeks. The hole was in the sandy bank of a stream which has been used by kingfishers as a nesting site for at least twenty years. I watched several times in June and July, when the birds were carrying food to the young, from a hiding-place roughly constructed of a mackintosh and a hurdle on the edge of the stream opposite the hole, at a distance of about twenty yards. Wishing to satisfy myself as to the sex of the bird which was bringing food, I one day blocked the mouth of the hole with a thick branch. Soon afterwards the hen flew up with a small minnow in her beak; I carefully noted the red on her lower mandible. She flew to her hole, but failing to force an entrance dropped down to the opposite bank; from there, still holding her fish, she charged at the hole repeatedly, clinging to the entrance with her feet, fluttering and hovering for a few seconds, and then returning to the other bank. A hen chaffinch and a common flycatcher showed great interest in the proceedings; they hovered round her, chirping and chattering excitedly; She repeated this performance at intervals of from ten to fifteen seconds for several minutes before it occurred to me to count how many attempts she would make. Seventy-three times, without respite, she flew full tilt at the hole, before she desisted, and all the time with the fish in her beak. Reckoning her attempts before I began to count, she must have made at least 100 attacks. After a short interval she dropped the fish, and tried again three or four times. At last she gave it up as a bad job, and sat hunched up on a stump, looking rather disgruntled, for a few minutes. Then she flew off, and I took the opportunity to remove the branch. So far as I could see she had made very little progress, for the hole was not perceptibly enlarged.

It has been recorded in COUNTRY LIFE (1908, page 258) that the kingfisher begins the tunnelling of the nesting hole by charging full speed at the bank in the manner I have described. The performance was an amazing record of pertinacity, and a touching example of the unsparing devotion of motherly love. But the retention of the fish in her beak must have hampered her boring operations considerably, and shows a curious lack of intelligence. I returned to my hide, and a few minutes later the female came back and entered the hole. ERNEST BLAKE.

SHOOTING NOTES

AFTER WOODCOCK IN CORSICA.

CIRCUMSTANCES over which I had no control stranded me some time ago in the capital of Corsica. The question then arose what to do with my enforced leisure. The resources of Ajaccio itself were soon worked out, nor is there anything of great interest in the immediate neighbourhood. In this dilemma a friend suggested a run up the east coast and a try for woodcock in the fertile region lying between the sea and the base of the mountains forming the backbone of the island. I was overjoyed at the prospect. It was glorious summer weather, and native-born "cock" ought by this time to have been reinforced by the first flights from the northward.

The motor we had hired was ancient. It was full of strange noises and creakings. It rattled, and smelt like Eblis. But luckily Corsican roads are good, and with no likelihood of an actual breakdown we jogged along at fifteen miles an hour in complete contentment.

"The duck will be in those brackish lagoons towards the sea, the cock along the outskirts of the myrtle scrub, and yonder are our headquarters," said J., pointing to a whitewashed farm half hidden among olive trees on the slope. At that untidy but hospitable homestead we were welcomed with effusion by the proprietor, whom my friend had known for a long time. Everyone shoots in Corsica, the sport being a common bond of interest, and the farmer very nearly fell on J.'s neck and kissed him in the pleasure of seeing him again. In anticipation of our coming he had collected a herd of nondescript dogs as demonstrative as himself, and four Tuscan workmen by way of carriers and beaters. We got off, as cheerful and noisy a party as ever went a-hunting on a fine morning, dogs barking, men chattering with Latin freedom, our host volubly commending his country, his crops, his cattle, his children, grandchildren, and everything that was his, till I could only hope the "cock" were as deaf as they are proverbially supposed to be.

Our first beat was along the lower fringe of the *maquis*, a gun and a beater alternately at fifty yards intervals, and the dogs where they liked. The shrub was waist high, the fragrance of it like a chemist's shop. We seemed to be in a deserted garden rather than a natural wilderness, a garden alive with bright little birds making the island a halting-place on their annual migration. The warblers and finches were scarcely worth a charge of shot, but no sooner did a blackbird get up than the farmer let fly at it, for the "small crows" have choice food here and are considered the greatest of dainties. He had scored two blackbirds and a thrush before we got a chance. Then my turn came. We had coasted along the *maquis* for some way and presently reached a spot where scattered bushes in a patch of emerald green grass suggested a spring. In went the dogs, helter-skelter, and up from the rank grass immediately rose a brown bird, with a soft, owl-like flight. "Cock, by Jove!" shouted J., with unnecessary excitement, and "Missed!" he added as I fired just before the bird turned the corner of a shrubby forty yards away. But I thought otherwise, and walking up to the spot there was the cock lying dead, its beautiful barred wings widespread and not a russet feather out of place.

As often happens with these birds, when one is found, more were close at hand. Probably a flight had come in overnight, for they lay close, the spot being an ideal resting place, right in the eye of the sun and facing the open sea, with food and shelter in abundance. We got ten before the noonday halt, and might have achieved more but that the Corsican, obviously bent on making the bag as "mixed" as possible, shot unceasingly at crows, hawks, blackbirds, small owls and anything else that came in his way. We could not protest, he was so enthusiastic and light-hearted. So we laughingly let him go his own way while the panner of his bearer grew more and more like an ornithological museum with samples of everything in feathers that could be gleaned from these lovely hillsides.

The afternoon's walk added eight more woodcock to the bag, a couple of duck from a reed-grown pond, and a considerable number of "various." It brought us into the lowlands, where some swampy fields produced three snipe, several others being seen but rising wild. We had enjoyed ourselves so much that it was decided to spend the night at the farm, the Corsican, with true island hospitality, offering us comfortable couches in his parlour, and his wife, who had been cook in a hotel, giving us,

when the time came, a supper to which we brought hunter's appetites. One of the items was a blackbird pie, reminding us of a nursery ballad, and so good we half determined to turn blackbird hunters forthwith.

We had the alternative of trying for quail on the hill grass the next day or beating round the shores of the lagoons for wild-fowl. As the quail seemed rather uncertain we decided for the ducks, and after a substantial breakfast marched through yesterday's snipe fields, picking up a dozen longbills as we went, till the brackish meres along the coast were reached. Most of these were overflows from the icy cold stream running down from the inland ranges, though some were obviously tidal. Nearly all were fringed with immense belts of dead brown reeds, six or seven feet high, and unworkable even by the best of dogs. Again and again we had the mortification of hearing birds rising close at hand without being able to get a sight of them. Our best chances came from the narrow channels connecting one pool with another. Here, by sending one gun forward while the other two walked on either side of the waterway and the dogs disported themselves at their discretion in the tangled growths, we took our share of anything rising within shot. In this way we bagged eleven duck, six plover, two more snipe and a bittern. We felt we had earned them, for bridges or paths were unknown in this green sea-wilderness, and we had to walk, and walk hard, all the time, often retracing our steps for a mile over ground already worked in order to find a crossing into virgin soil. E. L. A.

AIR RIFLES.

The writer first used a spring impulse air-gun in 1883. It was a Quackenbush, and quite a toy, for the spiral spring was compressed by hand, without any power-increasing lever. A few years later a good many No. 1 and No. 3 Gem air-guns were sold by the large stores in India and proved fairly effective for crows, the No. 3 especially so, when the spring was new and strong. The perfection to which the springs of modern air rifles have been brought is the reason for their success. The old flat section Gem springs, though powerful enough at first, soon either fractured or lost their resiliency, whereas the modern spring is almost everlasting. In 1905 the writer got a Lincoln Jeffries and a Belmont for a shooting club, and both these air rifles proved very accurate and durable, firing many thousands of shots without a casualty to either spring. Five years ago two B.S.A. No. 1 air rifles were purchased for training recruits, and though these were in constant use for about four years, and besides having many thousands of shots fired out of them were often very roughly treated by unskilled men, both survived to the end with unbroken springs. Nothing could better illustrate the fine quality of present-day steel. The most satisfactory design is undoubtedly that in which air-cylinder and barrel are in line. Breakdown pattern air rifles are complicated by the necessity for devising means, by soft washers or otherwise, to prevent escape of air between false breech and cylinder. Early in 1916 the writer got a B.S.A. .22 air rifle for his own use; this has been in constant use ever since, and about 7,000 shots have been fired from it. When the rifle was quite new the tremendous jar of the very powerful spring made accurate shooting somewhat difficult. With use this jar has eased a bit, and accurate shooting has become far easier; at the same time, the spring appears still to possess plenty of power, and the penetration of the pellet into soft deal remains nearly as good as ever. This particular air rifle was purchased more for shooting vermin, etc., than for target practice. It has accounted for wild duck, wood-pigeons, partridges, rooks, rabbits and countless rats and sparrows. A very good feature of the .22 is the great length of the air cylinder, on account of which the back-sight is set a considerable distance from the eye, thus getting rid of blur and making accurate aiming easy.

Fortunately, the .22 is a long, heavy and very formidable-looking weapon, and therefore quite impossible to conceal; otherwise it might prove a deadly instrument for poaching.

The walking-stick form of pump air-gun could no doubt be vastly improved, should a demand for such a gun arise. Decreasing the bore, improving the shape of projectile, providing interchangeable air reservoirs, and facilitating the labour of pumping, suggest themselves as desirable means for increasing efficiency.

FLEUR-DE-LYS.